

# Euphues Golden Legacie.

Found after his death in his Cell at  
SILEXED R.A.

Bequeathed to PHILAVTVS Sonnes,  
*nursed vp with their Father in*  
ENGLAND.

*Fetched from the Canaries, by T.L. Gent.*



Imprinted at London for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his  
Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleet-street,  
under the Dyall, 1614.

# Egyptian Cobalt

## Leggaci

Found after his death in his Cell

## STYLING

Beds supplied to Hill VATS Source

as you see fit. I hope you will be well.

~~EMGTEWD.~~

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Antwerp 1625.



To the right Honourable and his most  
esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine  
of her Majesties household, and Gouvernour of the Towne

of Barwick: T.L.G. wisheth increase of  
all honourable vertues.

**S**uch Romans (right Honourable) as delighted in Marti-  
tiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of  
Augustus, because he was a patron of Souldiers, and  
Virgil described with Poems as a Mecenas of schol-  
lers: both ioyntly aduancing his royaltie, as a Prince  
warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, pre-  
sent her Bayes as shee is wise, and with armour as shee is valiant: ob-  
seruing herein that excellent *spem* which dedicateth ho-  
nours according to the perfection of the person. When I en-  
tered (right Honourable) with a deepe in-sight into the considera-  
tion of these promisses, seeing your Lordship to bee a Patron of all  
Martiall men, and a Mecenas of such as apply themselves to studie,  
wearing with Pallas both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with  
Augustus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your  
minde, being my selfe first a Student, and afterwards falling from  
Bookes to Armes, cuen vowed in all my thoughts, dutifullly to affect  
your Lordship,

Hauing with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Ter-  
ceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this  
Booke: rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered  
in the surges of many perillous Seas. But as it is the worke of a Soul-  
dier and a Scholler, I presume to shroude it vnder your Honours pa-  
tronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions,  
and whose honourable loue growne from the generall applause of

## The Epistle Dedicatore.

the whole common-walth for your higher deserte, may keepe from the malice of euery bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being Scholler with your noble Sonnes, Master Edmund Carew, and Master Robert Carew, (two sienes worthy of so Honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit,) as also being Scholler in the Vniuersitie, vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir Edward Hobby, when he was a Bachelor in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etimologic of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affectiōn be placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these fore-pastēd reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and fauour a Souldiers and a Schollers pen, with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so deuoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life vnder the fauour of so

martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curteſie, in denying the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honou-

table fortunes as your Lordship

can desire or imagine.

*Four Honours Souldier most*

*Humbly affectionate:*

*Tto. Ledge.*

# To the Gentlemen

Readers.



Gentlemen, looke not here to finde any sprigs of Pallas Bay-tree, nor to beare the humours of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing veyne of any eloquent Orator: Nolo al-tum sapere, they bee matters above my capacite: the Cablers checke shal never tight on my head. Ne furor  
vtra crepidam, I wit goo no further than the latches, and when all is well. Here you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirele, but hewen downe by a Souldier with his cuttleaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filet aongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a Souldier and a Sayler; that giveth you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote, in the Ocean, where every line was wet with a surge, and every hu-morous passion counterchecke with a storne, If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour: But if Momus, or any disquieted affe, that hath mighty cares to concoune with Midas, and yet little to iudge: If hee come aboard our bark to finde fault with our tack-ling when he knowes not the stowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch one a rustic Pollax, that saw no mane this scauey years, and either will be-baste him, or beare the cockes-combe over-board to feed Cod. But cur-sons Gentlemen, that fauour most, backe-bise none, and pardon what is o-uer-slipt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a Kan of our best beverage. Well Gentlemen you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Islands of Terceras, and therfore reade it, confare with fauour and farewell.

Yours T. L.

Yours T. L.

# The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testa- ment, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.



HE vehemencie of my sicknesse, *Philautus*, hath  
made me doubtfull of my life, yet must I dye  
in counsailing thee. Thou hast Sonnes by *Camelia*, as I heare, who being young in yeeres,  
haue greene thoughts: and nobly borne, hauing  
great mindes: bend them in youth like the  
Willow, least thou bewaile them in their Age  
for their wilfulness. I haue bequeathed them  
a Golden Legacie, because I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as  
*Archelaus* did *Cassandra*, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the best method. They shall finde loue  
anatomized by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Apelles* Table:  
Roses to whip him when hee is wanton, reason to withstand him  
when hee is headie.

Heere may they reade that Vertue is the King of labour, Opinion the mistris of Fooles, that Vanitie is the pride of Nature, Contention the ouerthrow of Families: heere in Elleborus bitter in taste, but  
beneficall in tryal. I haue nothing to send to thec *Camelia* but this  
counsell, that in steed of worldly goods, you leauue your Sonnes ver-  
tue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours  
than Lords of your Mannors. I feele death that summons me to my  
graue, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewel *Philautus*, and  
let the tenour of my counsell be applyed to thy Childrens comfort.

J.T. auoy

Euphues dying to live.

If any man finde this scrowle send it to *Philautus*  
in England.



## Euphues golden Legacie.



**H**E **R****E** dwelt adioyning to the Citie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many faviours, and Nature honoured with sundry erquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellency of body, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall, in disciphering the riches of conceit of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuit  
salem ingeny, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulisses; his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnes of his tongue was per-  
swassie: for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the  
Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight, thus intitlt with vertue and  
honour, remained sir John of Burdeaux having passed the prime of  
time hath his course) grew aged: his haire were siluer-hewed, and  
the map of his age was figured on his forehead. Honour late in the  
furrowes of his face, and many yeeres were portayed in his wim-  
ked limiaents, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne,  
and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir John that with  
the Phenix knew the teame of his life was now expired, and could  
with the Swanne discouer his end by her songe, having three sonnes  
now seeing death by constraint would compell him to leue them to  
bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and in-  
men before him in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, be-  
resolved to leue them a memorall of all his fatherly care, in set-  
ting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Having therefore  
Death,

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death in his looks to moue them to pitie, and teates in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began,

Sir Iohn of Burdeaux Legacie hee gaue so  
his Sonnes.

O my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a small end of my dayes, the Holme-tree wareth alwayward, for he stoppeth in his height, & my plumes are full of sick feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth al cares, & leauie you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. By siluer haires contain great experiance, and the number of my yeeres haue pend downe the subtleties of fortune. Therfore as I leauie you some fading pelfe to countercheck pouerty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you unto vertue. First therefore unto thee Saladine the eldest, & therfore the chiefeſt pillar of my houſe, wherein ſhould be ingrauen, as well the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the eſſential forme of his portion, to thee I give fourteene plough-lands, with all my Manour houses and ričhest plate. Next, unto Fernandine, I bequeath twelue plough-lands: But unto Rosader the youngest, I give my horſe, my armes, and my launce, with fifteene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be diſcouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountis and honour. Thus (my sonnes)haue I parted in your portions the ſubſtance of my wealthe, wherein if you be as proudigal to ſpend, as I haue beene carefull to get, your friends will grieue to ſee you more wantfull than I was bountiſull, and your foes ſmile that my fall did begin at your excedeſſe. Let mine honour be the glaſſe of your actions, and the fame of my vertues, the lead-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deeds by my honourable behauors, and ſhew your ſelves ſieurs worthy of ſo florishing a treē: leaſt, as the birds Halcyones which excede in whitenesſe, I hatch young ones that excede in blacknes. Climbe not (my sonnes) alſpiring pride is a vapor that ascengeth hie, but ſome turneth into ſmoke, they that care at the Stars, ſtumble upon the ſtones; and they that gaze at the Sunne(whiche they be Eagle-eyed) fall blind: ſoare not too high with

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With the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke : nor attempe not with  
Phaeton, least you broigne with Icarus. Fortune when she wills you  
to die, tempers your plumes with boare, and therefore either sit still  
and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, & hold Dedalus actione  
authenticall (*Medium temnissc et rissimum.*) Low shrubs haue deepe  
rootes, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune looks easie up-  
ward, and emly aspresh to needles with dignitie. Take heed my sonnes  
the vaine is swettest melodie, where strings stretcht high, either  
soon they crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries  
care be your hearts content, & thinke that you are not borne for your  
selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your Prince, carefull  
for the common weale, & faithfull to your friends, so shall France say,  
These men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features.  
By my sonnes, a friend is a pretious iemel, within whose bosome you  
may unload your sorrow, and unfold your secrets, and hee either will  
reheare with counsell, or persuadre with reason : but take heed in the  
choice, the outwards shew makes not the inward man, nor are the  
dimples in the face the balaunders of truthe. When the Liquorne  
leafe looks most wrie, then it is most wet : when the thores of Lea-  
purchas are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Braman  
leafe the more faire it looks, the more infectious it is, & in the flower  
self knowes his most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, chuse a  
friend as the Hyperborei doe their mettals, sever them from the one  
with fire, and let them not bide the rampe before they be curant :  
so triall them first, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then  
friends faithfull lay them by for a while. Be halidome sonnes, for  
crueltrie is the enemy of honestie, but not too rash, for that is over-  
treame. Fortitude is the membre, & that is limited within boundes, &  
prescribed with circumstances. But above all, & with that deserveth a  
deep sigh, beware of Love, for it is farre more pernicious than pleasant,  
and yet I tell you it afflyeth as ill as the Syrens. Chrysopras, sunne  
cie is a faire thing, and brambles painlings are tricked by brish fower  
colours, which bring fel to wile in the sunne, perissh with the same.  
Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there  
is nothing but losse & glistering misery. Cupids wings are plumed  
with the feathers of vantie, and his arctives wherewith they pierce, in-  
force nothing but desires : a wantones eye, as it is pretious to behold,  
so it is prejudicial to gaze upon : for as it affordeth delight, so it sna-  
reth.

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t eth unto death. Trust not their fawning fauors, for their loues are like the breath of a man upon Steele, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentarie as the coloures of a Polype, which changeth at the sight of every object. By breath wareth short, and mine eyes ware dimme, the hower is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you love, chose one that hath eies of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receive but one forme, her tongue of a Setherin lease that never wags but with a southeall wind: and yet my sons, if she have all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that shce is a woman, shall ye find in her sufficient vanity to counteruarie her vertues. Oh now my sonnes: euernow take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my shread is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them bee lodged in the secrets of your hearts: for wi:edome is better than wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world, of treasure. In my fall see, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Briarius, to reach at the heauens, & ready euery minute to die: yet hopeth for an age of pleasures, Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares is but a bauens blaze, seeing thc man is so mortal, bee carefull that thy selfe be vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fauor, and put obliuion to exile with thine honourable actions. But my sons, lest you shoule forget your fathers axioms, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute living. At this he shunse, dolone in his bed, and gave by the ghost

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, & bewailed of his friends especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funeralls, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to be purtraged out, which were to this effect.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

MY sonnes, behold what portion I doe giue,  
I leue you goods, but they are quickly toll: and did not  
leauic advice, to school you how to live.  
I leue you eit, but won with little cost; also to yond  
you But keepe it well, for counsell still is one, and in me, deuision of  
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.  
In choice of thrift, let honour be your gaine.

Winne it by vertue, and by manly might.

In doing good, esteeme thy trouble no paine.  
Protect the fatherlesse, and widowes right.  
Fight for thy faish, thy Countreie, and thy king.  
For why this chris will proue a blessed thing.

In choice of wife preferre the modest chaste:  
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell.  
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast,  
Then chuse thy wife by wit, and liuing well.

Who brings thee wealth, and many faults, withall,  
Presents thee honie mixt with bitter gall.

In choice of friends, beware of light beliefe,  
A painted tongue may shroude a subtle heart:  
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle griefe,  
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,  
Chuse in your wants, and he that loues you then,  
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.

Learn with the Ant in summer to prouide,  
Driue with the Bee, the Drone from out the huue:  
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide.

Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thriue,  
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne:  
So by your death, your glorie shall beginne.

Saladine having thus set vp the Schedule, and hanged about his  
fathers herse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him  
to be passing sorolofull, clad himselfe and his brothers all in blacke,  
and in such fable futes discouered his griefe: but as the Hiena when  
the mourtres is most guilefull, so Saladine, under the shew of griefe,

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shadoweth his heart full of contented thoughts. The Tiger though he hid his claws, will at last discover his rapiers, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans physionomy is not the display of his secrets: fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his eeuorce, Nature and Art may doe much, but that natura naturam, which by pargation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse:

*Naturam expellat furcader, usque recurret.*

So fared it with Saladine, for after a moneths mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brother then to himselfe, (that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition,) that as yet they were not come to yeres, and he being their guardian, might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hanocke of their legacies and lands, as they shold be a great deale the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate bothe himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

**S**Aladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restless passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment: by the one thou art compellled to content thee with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great rogalie, and there is no swarter physike then vice. A wicke like a stoe forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most pretious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the minde. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the wind? hast thou so soon forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from conteling without honour, and climbing without vertue? did he not say, bid thee to aime at any action that shold not be honourable? and what will be more prejudicall to thy credite, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperity? and will thou become the subversion of their fortunes: is there any swarter thing then concord, or a more pretious tebell then amitie: are you not sonnes of one father, friends of one tree, birds of one nest? and will thou become so unmerciful, as to rot them thou shouldest relaine? O Saladine, intreare them in thine armes, and enthrone them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy greate

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sciente deince, and thy remouinge present: Truly, what wordes are  
true; base fruite; faire fruit (if thou be fruit) for thy honour. And that  
though thy father at his death talke many strangelous matters, as  
one that doted for age, and raved in his sicnesse: shall his wordes be  
Ariens, and his talke be so authenticall, as thou wylt (to obserue  
them) preuaine thy selfe? So, no, Saladin, sick mens wills that  
are parrot, haming vno hand and feale, are like the laines of a Cittie  
writt in dust, which are broken with the blast of every wind. What  
man, thy father is dead, and he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor  
measure thy actions: therfore bury thy wordes with his carcase,  
and be wise for thy selfe: what, is not so die as true?

¶ *Nor sapit, quod si non sapit, quoniam non est sapientia sed concupiscentia.*  
¶ Thy brother is young, kepe hym now in aboe, make him not check,  
wete with thy selfe soz,

¶ *Nimia familiaritas contemporaneis partibus etiam regna irans*  
Let him knowe little, so shal he not be able to execute much, kepe  
himme his wifes with a base estate, and though he be a gentleman by  
nature, yet forne him into, and make him a peasant by nature:  
so shal thou kepe a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all  
thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandine, thy middle brother, he is  
a scholler, and hath no meane but on Aristote, let hym reade on Ga-  
lon, whyle thou hast swith gold, and poace on his booke whilost thou  
purchasest lands: but in great wealth, if he haue learning, it is  
enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour brus Saladin, making his brother Rosader his  
servyce, for the spayne office of thys paires, keping hym in such ser-  
vile subjection, as it had been the somme of any countrey basall. The  
young gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day, walking in the  
garden by himselfe, he began to consider, how he was the sonne of  
John of Bourdeau, a knyght renowned in many victories, and a  
gentleman famous for his vertues, who contrary to the testament  
of his father, was not only kept from his land, and infreated as a  
servant, but sustineth in such secret slavery, as he might not attaine  
to any honorable action. Alas said he to himselfe (notwe knowinge  
these effectuall portaines) why shoud I that am a gentleman borne,  
passe my time in such bounderall drudgery? were not better, either  
in Paris to becomen a scholler, or in the count a courtier, or in the field  
a soldiier, shoulde I not boyte mine owne brother; nature hath

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leant me wit to conceine, but my brother denyeasise. At his content a  
plate. I haue strength to perforne any honourable exprise; but no man  
verys to accomplish my vertuous indeavours. At those good pachyments  
God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuy of my brother doth smothere  
me in obscurtie, the harder is my fortune, & the more his forwarda-  
ness. With that, casting vp his hand, he felchaire don his face, and i  
perceiving his beard to bid, for choler he began to blissh; alouesnows  
to himselfe, he would be no mane subiect to such slame. As thus he  
was ruminating his melancholly passions, in came Saladine with  
his men, and saing his brother in a boone study, and to forget his  
wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his Trumps, thus.  
Sirra, (quoth he) is your minde on your halfe perisopon? all you saying  
a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner ready? At this  
question Rosader turning his head askance: and bending his bosome  
as if anger there had plawed the furesomes of her wrath, with his  
eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost shunnes me (Saladine)  
for thy cates: aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office,  
I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth: and though I ben  
haft more cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine handes  
as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou fald my woods,  
spoyld my manors houses, and made hatooke of such fortresse, among  
father bequeathed unto me. I tell thee Saladine, either answere me  
as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enimie: and I Saladine

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smilid; his laughing at his  
presumption, and fruinded, as checking his folges he therefore tolde  
him vp thus shortly. What sirra, I see, dally peynked the træ that  
will proue a thron: hath my familiar conuersing with you mad  
you cov, or my good looksd abone you to be thus contemptuous?  
I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the træ while it  
is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a staffe for such a head-strong  
colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and bide him, and then I will give  
him a cooling card for his choler. This made Rosader halfe mad, that  
stepping to a grea' take that stood in the garden, hee layd such load  
upon his brothers men, that hee hurt some of them, and made the  
rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, and with  
his resolution so valiant, thought his helpe his best safety, and tolde  
him to a lost adisynng to the garden, whether Rosader pursued  
imhotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him

## Euphues golden Leghele.

thus. Rosader, be not so thyn, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done the wronge. I le make this amende & reueng not anger in bloud, for so shalst thou attaine the vertue of old sir John of Bourdeaux : say wherin thou art discontent; and thou shal be satisfied. No other frō wōrōught ought not folke per̄tōs of to dach? what man, I like not so somely, I knōw we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue bin. Ffor, *A prancis mire adorūs redintegraciōest.*

These wōrds appeased the enemys of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courſous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and upon the faſh of a gentleman, assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced eich other & became friends, and Saladine promised Rosader the cōfūtation of all his landes, and what fauour else, quoth hee, any wōrdes in pabilitie or the nōtre of a brother, may performe. Upon these ſugre conciliations, they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old ſeruants of sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the ſtaw, till it chanced that Roſmond King of France had appointed to his pleasure a day of tournaunce, and of tournaunce to balle his Commons-heade, least being idle, their thoughts should run by on ſerious matters, and call to remembraunce their old banished friend; a Champion that was to stand againſt all comers, a Normān, a man of ſall ſtatute and ſigre at Arongay, ſo valiant, that in many a hich, conſiſche attempes ſtand up the Blaſte, not onely overthrowing them which hee encoutered, but often with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking no mōt to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead & ſet by ſecret his men to abuſe both the Norman, and procured him with richie awarde to bate, that if Rosader came within his claues, hee ſhould never more returne to quarell with Saladine for his poſſeſſion. The Norman doſtrong of pelfe, as (Quis nūc memet mea obitum refoluerit?) taking great gifts for little goods, tooſe the crownes of Saladine to performe the ſtratagē. Having thus tyed the Chāmptons his villianous determination by baſth, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went glazēd ne lower than vertue commandeth, and began to tell him of his tournaunce and tournaunce, how the King ſhould bee there,

## Euphues golden Legacie.

and all the chiese Peeres of France , with all the beautifull damsels  
of the countrey : now brother, quoth hee , for the honor of Sir Iohn  
of Bourdeaux , our renowned father , to famounis that house that ne-  
ver hath bin found without men approued in chivalry , thereto thy re-  
solution to be peremptory . And my selfe thou knowest though I am  
eldest by birth , yet never having attempted any deeds of Armes , I  
am yongest to performe any martiall exploits , knowing better how  
to suruey my lands , than to charge my Launce : my brother Fer-  
nandine he is at Paris , voaring on a few papers , having more insight  
into sophistrie and principles of Philosophie , than any warlike in-  
deuours : but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares , but the eldest in  
valour , art a man of strength , and darest doe what honour allowes  
thee : take thou thy fathers Launce , his Sword , and his Horse , and  
bie thes to the Tournament , & either there valiantly crack a speare ,  
or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie . The words of  
Saladine were but spurs to a fre horse , for he had scarce offered them  
ere Rosader tooke him in his armes , taking his proffer so kindly , that  
he promised in what hee might to requite his courtesie . The next  
morrow was the day of the Tournament , and Rosader was so de-  
tious to shew his heroicall thoughts , that hee passed the night with  
little sleepe : but asone as Phabus had vailed the curtain of the night ,  
and made Aurora blush , with giveng her the beso las labras in his sil-  
uer Conch , hee gaue him vp , and taking his leame of his brother ,  
mounted himselfe towarde the place appointed , thinking / every mile  
tenne leagues still he came there . But leaving him so destrous of the  
Tourney to Torismond the King of France , who hauing by force ban-  
ished Gerismond their lawfull king , that liued as an outlaw in the  
forest of Arden , sought hym by all meanes to keepe the French bus-  
ted with all spoyle that might breed their content . Amongst the rest  
he had appoynted this solemnme Tournament , wherunto he in most  
solemne manner resorted , accompanied with the twelue peers of  
France , who rather for feare then loue , geaced hym with the heynes  
of their duall fauours . To fide their roys , & to make the beholders  
pleased with the sight of most rare glistering obesus , he had appoynted  
his alone daughter Alinda to bee there , and the faire Rosader  
daughter unto Gerismond , with all the beautifull Damoises that  
were famous for their features in all France . So hee comynge ouer  
Phabus in that place did leue and haue triumphy in a synchy ,  
such

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such as were martial, might use their lances to be renowned for the excellency of their chivalry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several intent, and fancie was partall in their looks, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, soz upon her cheekes there seemed a battel betweene the Grace, who shoud besein most fauours to make her excellent. The blussh that gloried Luna inher shē kiss the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermillion storish on the silver hue of Rosalinds countenance: her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie covert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdain, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amozets, & Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpass the burnight glister of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, soz in her haires it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence: what should I need to discipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind sate (I say) with Alioda as a beholder of these spoors, & made the Cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given, according to their severall deserts: at last, when the Tournement ceased, the wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself, as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules when hee aduanted himselfe against Achelous, so that the surie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activitie, till at last a lusty Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes, of good lineaments, and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing obeysance to the King, entered the list, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who imediately coapt with him, and as a man that woul d triumph in the glory of his strength, rouzed himself with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his exponent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after revenge, assailed the Nor-

## Euphiles golden legacie.

man with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him on his kées, which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stopt so earnestly to the young Franklin, that taking him vp in his armes, hee threw him against the ground so violently, that hee broke his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pitie : but the Franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stoode Rosader and saw this Tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Franklins mind, alighted off from his Horse, and presently satte downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to try the strength of this champion being furnished as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, & said thus: Bold yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the feareme of their yeres with honour, for that I see thou scornewst fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brokking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while & either let me make a thirde in their tragedie, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph. The Franklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gaue him hearty thankes with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader bayled bonnet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companye than the combatant, he cast his eyes upon the crop of Ladies, that glistered like the starres of heauen: but at last loue willing to make him amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so intangled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood, and set his looke on the fauor of Rosalinds face, which shew perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorioues.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looke of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had bee ne wakened from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all, by the fury of his countenance, that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage,

with

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With a generall applause of sauours, they graced that so godly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they willed him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breath: in which space the Norman called to minde by al folks, that this was he whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death he might recover the gold, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he looked to an hidde, but did cast his eye upon Rosalind, who to incant him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalinde so fierced the passionate desires of Rosader that turning to the Norman he ran upon him and brained him with a strong encounter: the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that shold fall to his house by his misfortune, rousid himself and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chelte with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Franklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young peeres and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellency: but when they knew him to bee the youngest sonne of sir John of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and embrased him, and the Peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie commanding both his valour & his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that he might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancyd a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

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feared not to dally in the flame , and to make Rosader know shee affected him ; tooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus gane to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Jemme was to Rosader : for if fortune had sworne to make him the sole Monarch of the world, hee would rather haue refused such dignitie , than haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalind . To requite her with the like he was un furnished yet that he might more than in his looks discouer his affecti on, he stopt into a tent, and taking pen and paper wryth his fancies,

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shinde,  
Ten braunches from two boughies tippe all with roses,  
Pure lockes more golden than is gold refind, and at a glasse, knidled no  
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses,  
Two mounts faire marble white, downe soft and dainty,  
A snow died orbe : where loue increast by pleasure  
Full wofull makes my heart , and body fainte  
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure  
In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,  
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalind , which when shee read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceiued loue had alotted her so amorous a servant. Leauing her to her newe intartained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of young gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladine, who was wal king before the gates , to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring himselfe of his death , and deuising how with dissimuled sorrow to celebrate his funerals: as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, and saw , where Rosader returned with the gaund on his head, and having won the prize, accompanied with a crew of boyn companions: greued at this , hee stopt in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excuson, for hee did not this vpon a malitious intent or regardize , but being brought vp in the country, he absented himself, as not finding his

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nature fit for such youthfull company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proferred him by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes bee suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawinge his sword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were dead) but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had bee an old and trustie servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased Master, favoured the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty said: Gentleman you are welcome, fronde, and bee merry, you shall be sure to haue wine enough, whatsoever your fare be. I tell you Caualiers, my brother hath in his house fine tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beseeche him that spareth his ly- quor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoever hee could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withall such harty wel- come, as would haue made the courtest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted & frolickt it twise or thrise with an upsey freeze, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and sware to be revenged of the discerteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshipp and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, & put by all forepassed iniurie, with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the servants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hidinge fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity hee shewed himselfe a great fauorite of his brothers vertuous endeouours: where leaving them in this happy league, let us retorne to Rosalind.

191 Rosalind retурning home from the triumphe, after the wated so- litary Loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to mind the comeliness of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

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made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shink, and fancie to vaile her selfe, that betweene a Chaos of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this maner.

I am a sorowful creature : my selfe to adorne  
my selfe, and to make me faire, and to be  
Saladines passion. I. alwaies as I am  
adorned, alwaies am I out of my selfe : this is my selfe.  
**R**osalind, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeres,  
and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossoms  
of thy youth are mirt with the frostes of envy, and the hope of the en-  
suing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht  
from the crowne, and thou the unhappy daughter of a king detained  
captiue, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented  
in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crown? what  
griefes are incident to dignify? what sorowes haunt rovall palaces?  
The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect  
to the most bale, & of al trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind  
Small currents are ever calme, low valleys not scorcht in any light-  
nings, nor base men tyed to any baseful preiudice. Fortune fites, and  
if she touch pouerty, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want  
with a frowne, then enjoying their wealth with disparagement. Oh  
Rosalind, hadst thou bee ne borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, and  
yet bee ing great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest mis-  
fortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content,  
yet fates vnwilling to haue me any wayes happy, haue forced loue to  
set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind becommeth it two  
men in distresse to thinke on loue: Tush, desire hath no respect of  
persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randome, assoone hitting a  
ragge, as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a Captiue, as the  
brest of a Libertine. Thou speakest of poore Rosalind by experiance,  
for beeing every way distressed, surcharged with cares, and ouer-  
growne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps,  
Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man  
every way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward  
uentaments, able to content the eye with beauty, & the eare with the  
renoun

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report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalind, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art pweare, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a yonger brother, & void of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy father iniurie. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot live by looks: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, than a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuel: that Venus confessors should bee euer full. Then Rosalind, seeing Rosader is pweare, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue.

*Quarenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

Tush Rosalind, be not ouer rash, leape not before thou looke, either loue such an one as may with his lands purchase thee liberty, or else loue not at all. Chase not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say:

*Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

Why Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degréé of a princesse, the daughter of Gerimond harbour such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalind, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest either Rosader, or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

*Sad: yelg and son sing*

*bromioT scoteI . Rosalind's Madrigall: bristol and sonnes  
conceit to adise all to ymagine small redyng and other shewes  
printed*

**L**oue in my bosome like a Bee,  
dorck sucke his sweet:  
Now with his wings he plaiers with mee,  
and with a hand of snow with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest,  
Ah wanton, will yee?

*And*

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And if I sleepe, then pearceth he  
with pretie flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
the lime-long night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,  
He musickes playes, if so I sing,  
He leads me every loving thing,  
Yet cruell hee my heart doth sting.

Whist wanton still yee,  
Else I with Roses every day,  
will whip you hence:  
And bind you when you long to play,  
for your offence.

He shut my eyes to keepe you in,  
He make you fast it for your sinne,  
He count your power not worth a pinn,  
Alas what hereby shall I winne,

If he gain-say me?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
with many a rod?

He will repay me with annoy,  
because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosome bee,  
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,  
O Cupid so thou pitie mee:

Spare not but play thee

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alianda, and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured at her beauty: which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might bee the beginning of his preindice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to banish her from the Court: for, quoth hee to himselfe, her face is so ful of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of every man, her beauty is so heauenly and divine, that shee will proue to mee as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres will aime at her loue, and the marriage, and then in his wifes right attempt the kingdom. To prevent had I wist in all these actions, shes facies not above

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the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else  
sick other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full  
of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the Peeres that  
charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for  
(quoth he) I haue heard of their aspiring speeches, and intended trea-  
sons. This dwome was strange unto Rosalind, and presently coue-  
red with the shield of her innocentie, she boldly brake out in reverent  
termes to haue cleared herselfe: but Torismond shoulde admit of no  
reason, nor durst his Lords please for Rosalind, although her beautie  
had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pour-  
trayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed,  
Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in heart and  
teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her  
father thus.

*Alinda's oration to her father in defence of Rosalind.*

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the  
Law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is  
depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a privilege. Rosalind  
and I haue bene fostred by from our infancies, and nursed vnder  
the harbour of our conuersing together, with such private familiariti-  
ties, that custom hath brought an union of nature, and the sym-  
pathy of our affections such a secret loue, that we haue two bodies, &  
one soule. Then marnell not (great Torismond) seeing my friend di-  
strest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her  
dexterous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that ma-  
keth women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and rase  
out suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure  
of your owne eys, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs  
with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all  
dutie, as her owne father by naturite, not in word uttering any  
discontent, nor in thought (as far as conjecture may reach) hamme-  
ring on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, & to win  
my fauour. Her wiſedom, silence, chastitie, and other ſuch rich qua-  
lities, I need not decypher: onely it reſſes for me to conclude in one  
word, that ſhe is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in variety  
of miseries, hath preſented ſome envious person (as minister of her  
intended Strategeme) to taint Rosalind with any ſurmuſe of treason,  
let him be brought to her face, and conſirme his accuſation by i-

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nesses: which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the manna-  
tre. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, bse Ju-  
stice my Lord, it is the glory of a King, and let her lie in your wond-  
red fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as a copartner of her hard  
fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) covered his face, with such a  
frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, & checks  
her vp with such taunts as made the Lords (that only were hearers)  
to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light  
of tongue, or my fauours encouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou  
darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeeres  
more exerience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper  
insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes?  
The old Lion auoides the toyles, where the young one leapes into the  
nette: the care of age is prouident, and foresees much: suspition is a  
virtue, where a man holdes his enemie in his bosome. Thou, fond  
girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loues, thy  
thoughts censure: but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalind, thou  
hatchest vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldest in-  
treat as much for her absence as thou delightest in her presence.  
But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit downe hyswif, and  
fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so ma-  
lipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske: and you (mayd) this  
night be packing, eyther to Arden to your father, or whither best it  
shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide.  
This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still  
she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalind, wishing her fa-  
ther (if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoint her  
partner of her exile: which if he refused, either shee would by some se-  
cret meanes steale out and follow her, or else ende her dayes with  
some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter  
so resolute, his heart was so hardned against her, that hee set downe  
a definitive & peremptory sentencce, that they shold both be banished:  
which presently was done. The tyrant rather chusing to hazard the  
losse of his onely child, then any wayes to put in question the state of  
his kingdome: so suspitious & fearefull is the conscience of an usur-  
per. Well although his Lords perswaded him to retayne his owne  
daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them  
must

## Euphues golden Legacie.

mett away from the Court, without either moxe company or play: In he went with great melancholy, and lefft those two Ladies alone: Rosalind wared very sad, and sat a dwone and wept. Alinda she smilid, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

### Alindas comfort to perplexed Rosalind.

**V**hy how now Rosalind, dismays with a frowne of contrary fortune? Haue I not oft heard thae say, that high minds were discouered in fortunes contempt, and heroicall scene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont tell others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for miserie was patience, and the onely medicine for want, the precious implaister of content: beeing such a good Physician to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

*Consuletinuquam capudolnir;*

Whyn then, if the Patients that are sick of this disease, can finde in themselues neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet ( Rosalind ) admit of the counsell of a friend and apply the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grieuest that being the daughter of a Prince, that enuiethwarts thee with such hard exigents, thinke that copaltie is a faire marke, that Crownes haue crosses when mirth is in cottages: they say the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers: the more orient the Pearlyle is the more apt to take a blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most hono<sup>r</sup>, so it hath much enui. If then fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalind: for, first by thine exile thou goest to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Rosalind grieve at the frowne of Orismond, who by offering her a prejudice, proffers her a greater pleasure: and more ( mad lasse ) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend, who will bee a faithfull copartner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her faſher to follow thee, and chuseth rather to brooke all extremities, then to forſake thy preſence. What Rosalind?

*Solamen misericordis habuisse doloris,*

Chereley woman, as we haue beene bedfellois in roialty, we will be fellow mates in povertie: I will ever be thy Alinda, & thou shalt

## Euphues golden Legacie.

ever rest to me Rosalind, so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and we retурне to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweete of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to minde our fore-passed miseries:)

*Olim haec meminisse iunabit admodum.*

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hearty thankes, and then they sate them downe to consult how they shoule trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they myght have no man in their company, saying: it woule bee their greatest preiudice, in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman and hast not a foydaine shifte to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and woule very well become the person and apparel of a Page, thru shal le my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust mee) in what company soeuer I come, I will not bee discouerid: I will buy mee a lute, and haue a Rapiere very handesomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smilid, and by on this they agreed and presently gathered by all their Jewels, whch they trussed by in a Casket, and Rosalind in all haue prouided her of robes, and Alinda beeing called Aliena, and Rosalind Ganimedē; they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many bywayes, at last got to the Forest side, where they trauelled for the space of two or thre dayes without seeing any creature, beeing often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorowes. Now the blacke Dre began to tred on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wonted roialtie: but when shee cast her eyes on her Rosalind, shee thought every danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groue of Cyprisse tree, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Abhor. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimedē, and forth they pulled such viuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had binne in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as mete with a Shepheard, to discouer them the way to some place where they might

## Euphues golden Legacie.

might make their abode. At last Ganimedecalling up his eye, espied whereon a tree was ingrauen certaine verses : which assone as he espied, he cried out, be of good cheare Mistris, I spie the figures of men : for haire in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of Shep, heards, or some other Swaines that inhabite heerabout, wch that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they found in the barte of a tree this passion.

**H**adst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old:  
Had I complainid unto a marble stome,  
Or to the stouds bewrayd my bitter mone,  
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:  
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,  
Whiles heauen did smile, did new array the earth,  
with flowers chiese:

Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,  
Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet Mirras teares,  
Or by my teares to piecce repining care,  
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,  
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,  
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:  
But not my teares, but truth with them preuaileth,  
And seeming lowe thy fortowes thco affailes  
For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard:  
And if thou please, my suete shal shooche be heard:

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poulie to the passion of some per-  
plexed shepheard, that being enuied of some faire and beautifull  
Shephearde, suffered some sharpe rebuke, and therefore complai-  
ned of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth Ganimedede)  
what mad castell you women be, whose hearts sometime are made  
of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of

# Euphues golden Legacie.

ware, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to see me coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine: and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his Mistris as froward, as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what metall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a soule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from loue, that hee will anger euery beyne in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance, to the vttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there quoth Alienas) and no more, for yonder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Wæch tree: let vs see (quoth Ganimede) and with that they read a fansie written to this effect.

First shall the heauens want starry light,  
The seas be robbed of their waues:  
The day want Sunne, and Sunne want bright,  
The night want shade, the dead men graues.

The Aprill flowers, and leafes, and tree,  
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills,  
By humble plaines be ouerpride,  
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,  
And fish forsake the water g'ide.

And Iris lose her coloured weed,  
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First diuellish hate shall turne to peace,  
And loue relent in deepe disdaine,  
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,  
And enuie pitie every paine,  
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,  
Before I talke of any guile.

# Euphues golden Legacie.

First Time shall stay his stailesse race,

And winter blesse his browes, with corne,

And Snow bemoisten Iulies face,

And winter spring and summer mourne,

Before my penne by helpe of same,

Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one ful  
of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray,  
when pōre wōmen seeke to keepe themselues chaste, how men wōme  
them with many fained promises, alluring with swēte words as the  
Syzens, and after prouing astrothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised  
Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false: The  
reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Wōmens sonnes, and  
ooke their fault of their mother, for if man had grovne from man  
as Adam did from the earth, men had never hōene troubled with in-  
constancie. Leauē off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ne  
pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her  
wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade  
mee to flatterie, and that needs not, but come, seeing we haue  
found here by this Font, the tract of Shepheards by their Madri-  
gals, and Ronndelayes, let vs forward, for either we shal finde  
some foldes, shæpebakes or else some cottage, wherem for a day  
or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose upp,  
and marched forward till toward the even: and then comming in-  
to a faire valley compassed with mountaines, whereon grew ma-  
ny pleasant shrubs, they might descry where tyme flockes of shæpe  
did feede.

Then looking about, they might perceive where one old Shep-  
heard sate, and with him a young swaine, vnder a couert most plea-  
santly scituated. The ground where they sate was diptred with Fle-  
ras riches, as shē meant to wrappe Tellus in the glory of her vele-  
ments: round about in forme of an Amphitheater, were most curi-  
ouslie planted Pine trees, interseamed with Junions and Citrons

which

# Euphucs golden Legacie.

which with the thicknesse of their boughs, so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secrets of that Arbor, so intited were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there, in her iollity, haue dallied vrisene with her dearest paramour; fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a ffont so chrisstaline & clare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemidriades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbor sate these two Shepheards, seeing their shæpe fide, playing on their pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melody falling into such amorous chat, drawing more nigh, wee might descrie the countenance of the one to bee very full of sorrow: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes ful of woes, that living he seemed to die: we (to see what these two were) stole privily behind the thick, where we overheard this discourse.

## A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus and Coridon.

*Coridon,*

**S**ay Shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,  
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
Young are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roses dight,  
Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,  
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

*Montanus.*

Ah (*Coridon*) vnitet is melodie  
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:  
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,  
Far hence my wcale, and neere my jeopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,  
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull heart,  
And though his fury doe inforce my smart,  
All blith am I to honour his behest.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Prepar'd towres since so my Phoebe wills,  
My lookes dismaid since Phoebe will disdaine,  
I banish blissem and welcome home my paine,  
Sostreames my scares as showres from Alpinc hills.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,  
I fetter reason in the snare of lust:  
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,  
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.

Deuide of rest companion of distress,  
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought:  
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,  
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

### Caridion

A lorrel Lad, what makes thee her to loue,  
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:  
A painted shrine fulfil'd with rotten treasure,  
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,  
A broken stafe which follie dote vphold:  
A flower that fades with euery frostie cold,  
An Orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of grief,  
A subtil net to snare the idle minde:  
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,  
A poore rejoyce, a plague without relief.

For thee *Montanus* follow mine arte  
Whom age hath taught the traunes that fancy weake  
Leave foolish loue, for beauty wit abuseth,  
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing floods.

Se blames the childe the flannie, because it burnes,

## Euphues golden Legacie.

And bird the snare, because it doth entrap; b'isq319  
And fooles true loue, because of sorry hap, axkoo v M  
And sailers curse the ship that overturnes. id. mincl

But would the child forbear to play with flame,  
And birds beware to trust the foulers gin;  
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,  
And maisters guide their ships in better frame;

The child would praise the fire because it warmes,  
And birds reioyce to see the fowler faile:  
And fooles preuent before their plagues preuaile,  
And sailers blesse the barkeres that saue from barries.

Ah Coridon, though many be thy yeeres,  
And crooked olde hath some experience left:  
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,  
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares,

The Plough-man little wots to turne the pen,  
Or booke-man skils to guide the plough-mans cart:  
Nor can the Cobler count the termes of art,  
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Not withered age (vnmeet for beauties guide,  
Vncapable of loues impression)  
Discourse of that, whose choise possession,  
May neuer to so base a man betide.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,  
And youth most plaint yeelds to fancies fire)  
Do build my hauen and heauen on sweet desire:  
On sweet desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue? Oh how my lines aspire,  
Haft thou the Muses to imbrace my browes,  
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,  
And fill my braines with chafis and holy fire.

### 3. Euphues'g oldeni Legacie.

Then leue my lines their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne:  
Amaz'd I reade the stile when I haue done,  
And her I loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I sing,  
Drawing the purtie of all the spheates,  
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,  
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring

Influent members, and in pleasant vaines,  
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,  
To praise her parts I charme both time and fate,  
To blesse the Nymph that yeelds me louefiske paines.

My sheepe are turn'd to thoughts, whom froward will  
Guides in the Labyrinth of restlesse loue,  
Feare lende them pasture wherefoere they moue,  
And by their death their life renounceh still,

My sheep-hooke is my pen; mine oaten reede  
My paper where my many woes are written,  
Thus fillie swaine (with loue and fancy bitten)  
I trace the plaints of paine in woful weeds.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes my teares,  
My dreames, my doubt, for Phebe sweet to me,  
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,  
And glorie shines where danger most apperes.

Then Coridon althoigh I blithe me not,  
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweet,  
So willett loue, and Phebe thinkes it naught,  
And kinde Montanus liketh wel his lot.

### Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by errour so misguided,  
Where will prescribeth lawes to peruse? wife;

# Euphues golden Legacie.

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumphisces, and  
And folly poisoneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse blaird, prepar'd to shalme, yet I see  
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles :  
Alas that loue by fond and foward guiles,  
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,  
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes :  
Leau off in time, to like these vanities,  
Beforward to thy good, and sicke thy harme.

As many Boes as Hill daily shields,  
As many frie as fleete on Oceans face,  
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,  
As many floweres as decke the fragrant fields.

As many starres as glorious heaven containes,  
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,  
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes :  
So many griefes in loue, so many paines.

Suspicion, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,  
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond joys, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreams, great paines, and small increase,  
Vows, hope, acceptance, scernes, and deepe despaires.

Fruse, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate :  
Time lost, lamentes, reportes, and plaine yudgements,  
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall judge,  
Who yeelds for service, shame for friendship, hate, for malice.

Montanus

All adder-like I stope mine eares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more, for I will never change,  
Call home thy flocke before that stragling gauges,  
For lo, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

## 9. Euphilius golden Legacie.

Terentius.

non more haec insunt vicia: negotia, nimicitia, bellum, pax rursum: incerta  
hac si in postiles, patrone certa ficerit, nihil opere nos, quam si de operant,  
et vniuersitas infamus.

The Shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Aliena slept with Ganimede from behinde the thicket: at whose subdaine sight the Shepheards rose and Aliena looked them thus: Shepheards all haile ( for such were beame you by your flockes) and louer's good lucke, ( for such you bee me by your passions) our eyes meeting wypette of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts. Wandering this way in a forreit unknowne country I and my Page, wearied with travell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoin us any place of quiet harbour ( ere if never so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and grateful to whomsoever shal be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman so speake so curteously, returned her mylly and reverencys answeare.

Faire Missis, how reuarne you as hearey welcome as you make  
is a curteous salute. A Shepheardo I am, and this a Louer, as  
watchfull to please his brend as to serue his Page: full of fantasies  
and therfore fate I, full of woes. That you may, but peraduise  
him I cannot; for loue admitts neither of countefall nor reason. But  
leaving him to his passions, if you bee distrest, I am sorrowfull such  
a faire creature is crownt with calamite: pray for you I may, but re-  
lieve you I cannot: marry if you want lodgynge, if you dorchise to  
lodgynge your selfes in a Shepheards cottage, my house for mys myght  
to all the roachbatoun. Aliena thanked Coridon greatly, and re-  
lentlye left her doosome, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking eas-  
ily upon her, and with a curteous survey discouering all her per-  
sonnes, applauded heres though by her eferente, and pitryng her  
woe as bellicous to haue the cause of her misfortunes, beganne  
conversacion with her thus.

I shoud not faire Damned, occationate offence, or renew  
your woes by rubbyngh the stet, I would faine crawe so much fauor  
to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whiche  
you wondre why your Page is so dangerous a frost? Aliena

## Euphues golden Legacie.

(that was as curteous as shre was faire) made this reply: **S**hepheard, a friendly demand ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry pruledged pardons in their foreheads. I know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renew my sorowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle **S**hepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forest so light on some cottage, where I and my Page may dwelle: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of shheepe, to become a **S**hepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content me with a country life: for I have heard the **S**waines say, that they dranke without suspicion, and slept without care. **B**arry misris (quoth Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time: for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the **S**hepheardes life (oh **M**iris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here **M**iris shall not fortune chnart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few shheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can bee no extreme prejudice: the next yere may amend all with a ffele encrease. **C**huse misris not vs, we comel not to climbs, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harboure in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken numbers: as we exceede not in deſt, so we haue enough to satife: and **M**iris, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit.*

**B**y my truthe **S**hepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makeſt me in loue with thy Country life, and therefore ſend for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes and thou ſhalt ſtill under me be ouerſer of them both: onely for pleasure ſake, I and my Page will ſerve you, leade the flockes to the field, & fold them: thus will I liue quiet, unknotone, and contented. The newes ſo gladded the heart of Coridon, that he ſhould never bee put out of his Farme, that putting off his Shepheardes bonnet he diuer all the reverence he might. But all this while ſate Montanus in a mafe, thinking of the crueltie of his Phebe, whom he ſimed long, but had no hope to loue. **G**anymede, who ill had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, ſanke delight to ſee the poore **S**hepheard paſſionate, laughing at loue. That in all his actions was ſo impetuous. At laſt, when he had noted

## Euphues golden Legacie.

his feare's that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, shee demanded of Coridon, why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer-loue, else shouldest not thou see mee so penitent. Loue I tell thee is as precious in a shepheards eye, as in the looks of a King, and we country swaines entertaine fanticke with as great delight, as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the swestest friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheards then higher degress; Then ask me not if such silly swaines can loue. What is the cause then quoth Ganimede, that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the partie beloued is froward: and having cortesie in her looks, holdeth disdaine in her tonges end. What hath she then (quoth Aliena) in heart: desire I hope Madam (quoth he) or else my hope is lost, dispaire in loue were base. As thus they chatted, the sonne being ready to set, and they not having folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she should sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. Pon shall goe, quoth Aliena, but first I will intreat Montanus to sing some auorous sonnet, that he made when he had bee deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he begannes thus.

lib I : O

### Montanus

Phoebe faire, with countenance on the sunnesome  
Sweet face latter, when I saw her, quoth he  
Sweete face Phoebe when I saw her, : as it is  
White her brow, and blacke her eyne, most set  
Coy her eye:  
Brow and eyne how much you please me,  
Words I spent, sighes and sorowes did I loose  
Sighes I spent : as it is acte, when he is gone, and drowne inde  
Sighes and words could never draw her.  
Oh my loue, almighty thought did me in legions, I did  
The hart lost, for me and I did ride out to see her selfe  
Since no fight could ever ease thee,

Phoebe

# Euphucs golden Legacie.

Phœbe sat,

By a fount:

Sitting by a fount spide her selfe

Sweet her touch,

Rare her voice,

Touch and voyce, what may distaine you?

As she sung,

I did sigh,

And by sighs whilst I ride her;

Oh mine eyes,

You did loose;

Her first sight whose want did paine you?

Phœbes flockes,

White as Woll?

Yet were Phœbes lookes more whiter.

Phœbes eyes

Douc-like milde;

Douc-like eyet, both milde and cruell.

Montan swares

In your lap,

He will die for to delight her.

Phœbe yeeld,

Or I die.

Shall true hearts be fancies fuel?

Montanus had no sooner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtesie rose vp, and went with his fellowe, and that their shéepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conductted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue: her resolving Aliena, that Phœbe was the fairest fairewoman in all France, and that in his eye, her beautie was equall to the Pimpes.

But quoth hee, as of all stones, the Diamond is the clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidariis cut, as of all flowers the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our countre Lasses, Phœbe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stope unto desire. But let her take herd, quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus,

Who

## Euphues golden Legacie.

who for his high disdaine against loue, perished in the folly of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore Swaine; and though they had bus Country fare, and coarse lodging, yet the welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beeene in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of unaccustomed travell: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda resolved there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon, swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became a Distresse of the farme and of the flocke, her selfe putting on the attire of a Shepheardeesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: every day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that shee held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the Shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secret resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flake, nor Dyle in the flame: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early, he calld vp certain of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and boundhim in feters, and in the midle of his Hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wrongdo, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a looke of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he gret into a discontented melancholy; in which humor he continued two or thre dayes without meale: insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel into dispaire of his life. Whiche Adam Spencer the old Seruant of Sir John of Bourdeauz saying, touched with the dutis and loue he had to his old Master, fel a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap. And therefore although Saladine had given a general charge to his seruants, that none of them upon paine of death, shoulde

## Euphues golden Legacie.

gave either meat or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could prouide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt hee was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all beeing a sleepe) he would haue quit Saladine with the method of his owne mischiefe; but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir (quoth he) be content for this night, go againe to your old feters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. To morrow hath your brother invited al your kindred and allies to a solemne breakfast, only to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tyed to a post. As soone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladin. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, sicco pede, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocency, then thus. I will leau you unlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall you shall see stand a couple of good pollares, one for you, and another for me. When I give you a winke, shake off your chains and let vs play the men, and make haucke amongst them, drine them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King haue made a redresse of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stod there while the next morning, About the time apppointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladine, whom he intreated with so curtesus and curious entertainment, as they al perceiued their welcome to be great. The Tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, & was inchaind as a man lunatike. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladin, desiring they would in pitie seeke some means for his releife. But in vaine, they had stopt their eare with Vlisses, that were his words never so forcible, he brethed only his passions to the wind. They carelesse late downe with Saladine to dinner, beeing very frolike and pleasant, wasshing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred pel-mell into their braines, they began iu satyricall speeches to rail against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, & Rosader shaking off the chainea

## Euphuē's golden Legacie.

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slue some, and drave his brother, and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleere, hee shut the doore, and being sore an hangred, & seeing such good victualls hee sent him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as hee knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired up the house, lefft vpon a suddaine his brother should raise some crue of bistenants, and surprize them unawares. But Saladine tooke a contrary course, and went to the sherriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fiftie and twenty tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till he made him yeld by famine. In this determination gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. Newes of this was brought to Rosader, who smilng at the cowardise of his brother, brooked all the iniurys of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sherriffe. As hee walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladine and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he swild, and called Adam Spencer, tolle wed him the envious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the Sherriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shal I doe? If I ress in me, either to yeld vp the house to my brother, and seeke a reconcilement, or else issue out, and breake through the companie with courage: for to cpt in like a coward, I will not haue. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, & that is moare than death, so by such open disgraces the same of men groans odious: if I issue out against them, fortune may favour me, and that I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I bee slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so unequall a revenge infamous to Saladine. Whyn then ( master ) forward, and feare not, out amongst them, they be but faint hearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer if hee die not at your syde, say he is a dastard. These words chared vp so the heart of young Rosader, that hee thought himself sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sherriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader unlookt for, leapt out, and

## Euphues golden Legacie.

assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to gine backe, so that Adara and hee broke through the presse in despight of them all, and sooke their way towaards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straignt raised all the country, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the Vineyards, sole away priuily through the Province of Burdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune ( who is like the Camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them mirrours of mutabilitie, and therefore still cross them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-wayes to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thick of the forrest where they wandered five or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost fannished, finding neither Shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer ( being old ) began to faint, and setting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feble and as ill perplered: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers Speech, bound 2 in 8A Collection

O how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few so are they momentany, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with heate of ennie or fortune. Fortune, oh incōstant friende, that in all thy dedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the ouerthowm of the highest. To discipher thy inconstancie: Thou standest upon a globe, & thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist never be restesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou profferest an Ceale, & performest a Scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours bee, there is the feare of the extremest.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) do<sup>e</sup> thou exclaime against fortune? shee laughs at the plaints of the blessed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, than to heare furies boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discouer the soure of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with breaking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crostes without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire is war white, the Palme tree is already ful of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeare the Callenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeeres could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for this to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this whiche grieueth me, nor doe I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of hi nelfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeers, bosome, and full of May. Nature hath prouidally enricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myr<sup>m</sup>or of her excellencie: and now through the decesse of the uniuersall stars, to haue all these god parts mpt in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune: Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happy shold my death bee, if it might bee the beginning of thy relieve: but seeing wax perill both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doe? prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present di<sup>p</sup>atch of mine owne life. Ah, co<sup>m</sup>paire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was ready to goe forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, said: what chere master? though all faille, let not the heart faint: the couraige of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eyes, and looking on Adam Spence, began to wape, Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieve at the manner of my death. I fight with my laice encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honoz and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

beast, & perish as his prey. I were satisfied: but to die with hunger,  
Oh Adam, it is the extremest of all extremes. Master (quoth he),  
you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without  
out meat: seeing therefore wee can finde no foode, let the death of the  
one preserue the life of the other, I am old, and ouer-worne with  
age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours, let me then  
die, I will presently cut my beynes: and (master) with the warlike  
bloud, relieveth your fainting spirits, suck on that till I end, and you  
bee comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his  
knise: when Rosader full of courage, though very faint, rose vp, and  
wist Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my mind giveth  
me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a mad man  
he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter  
som wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend  
Adam foode, or else pledge his life, in payne of his loyaltie. It hap-  
pened that day, that Gerismond the lawfull King of France, banished by  
Torismond, who with a lustie crew of outlaws laved in that for-  
rest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feaste to all his bold yeo-  
men, and frolickt it with stoeze of wine and venison, sitting all at a  
long table under the shadow of Limmon trees: to that place by  
chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of brame  
men, hauing stoeze of that, for want of which hee and Adam perished,  
he stopt boldly to the woodsend, and saluted the Company thus.

Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lustie squires, I sa-  
lute thee as graciously, as a man in extreme distresse may: knowe  
that I & a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for  
want of foode: perish we must, unlesse relieved by thy fauours. Ther-  
fore if thou be a Gentleman, give meat to men, and such as are e-  
very way worthie of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table  
rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of actiuitie what-  
soeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me away com-  
fortlesse, if thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue  
amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, than pe-  
rish with so cowardly an extreme, Gerismond looking him earnestly  
in the face, & seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion,  
was moued with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke  
him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitt  
alone in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for foode, aged, and therefore lesse able to abide the extremity of hunger than my selfe, & dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortune: therefore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Alway hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, & tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble hee was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him upon his bucke, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw they greatly applauded their leagues of friendship: and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their viuals, & feasted themselves with good deuices, & great store of wine. Assone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discouer, (if it were not any way prejudicall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader desirous any way to satisfie the curteisie of his fauourable Host, first beginning his exordium with a bolly of sighs, and a few luke-warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him from point to point all his myntimes, how hee was the youngest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Scheriffe, & hurting his men hee fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I doe much loue and honour, is furnamead Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my Fathers, and one that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, hee fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiarity had euer bee[n] betwixt his father Sir John of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he lived, and how honourably he died: promising for his sake, to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and upon this made him one of his forresters.

Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reverencie, & humbly gave him thanks for his fauourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if hee had bee[n] lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether hee had see[n] his daughter Rosalind or no. At this

Rosader

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he reuealed to the King how Rosalind was banished and how there was such a sympathie of affections betwene Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowship: whereupon the naturall King banished them both: and now they are wandred, none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drave the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuy chamber, so secret as the harbours of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunity, went to take their rest.

Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lande of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuuenes, found just occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, hee sent for Saladine in all post haste, who marnelling what the matter shold be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocency, hee boldly went with the Herault unto the Court. Where as soone as hee came, hee was not admitted unto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Taylor had straignt charge over him, to see that he shold be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe, and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

### Saladines complaint.

**V**erappie Saladine whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the Labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the Heauens drowers of mens deeds? And holds not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fayour, and revenge with justice? Oh Saladine the faults of thy yonth, as they were sond, so were they foule: and not onely discouering little nurture, but blemishing the excellency of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most

# Euphues golden Legacie.

Souling, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, shoulde live in  
friendship without faire. Oh Saladine, sa it shoulde bee : but thou hast  
with the Dacre fesse against the wind, with the Crab stome against  
the Breake, and sought to prevent nature by unkindeste. Rosader's  
wrongs, the wronges of Rosader (Saladine) cryes for reuenge, his  
mouth pleades to G D D to inflict some penance vpon thē, his ver-  
ges are pleases that inforce wylles of dispence to trouble thē : Thou  
hast higly abused thy kind and naturall brother, and the Heavens  
cannot spare to quit thee of punishment. There is nothing so the  
worste of coscience, no hell to a mind touched with giles. Every wrong  
offered him (called now to remembrance) bringeth a droppe of  
blood from my heart : every badde looke, every strokē pincheth me.  
at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine, thou hast turned against Rosader.  
Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penance to discover thy so-  
lōw, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King : who  
with a luke that threatened death, entertained him, and demanded  
of him where his brother was : Saladine made answere, that vpon  
some riot made against the Shiffe of the shires, hee was fledde from  
Bourdeaux, but hee knew not whither. Day, villaine (quoth hee) I  
have heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother, since the  
death of thy Father, and by thy meanes have I lost a most brave  
and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in Justice to punish thē, I spare  
my life for thy fathers sake, but banish thē for ever from the Court  
and Country of France, and see thy departure bee within ten dayes,  
else trust me shou shalt loose thy head, and with that the King flew a-  
way in a rage, and left poor Saladine greatly perplexed. Albeit grieu-  
ing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and pen-  
itance of his former follies, to traueile abroade in every Coast, til he  
had bound out his brougher Rosader. With whom now I doe begin-

Rosader being thus perserued to the place of a forester by Ge-  
simond, rooted out the remembraunce of his brothers, by  
continuell exercise traauer sing the groves and wild forestes : partly  
to heare the melodye of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly  
to shew his diligent endeavours in his Maiters behalfe. Yet whatso-  
ever hee did, or howsoeuer hee walke, the lively image of Rosalind  
remained in memorie : on her sweet perfections her fed his thoughts,  
swowing himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

# Euphues golden Legacie.

anyone by beholding the sunne, so was hee by regarding excellent beautie. One day amang the rest finding a fit oportunitie and place convenient, desirous to discouer his woes in the woods, hee ingraved with his knife in the bark of a Bythe tree, this prettie estimate of his mistris perfection.

## Sonetto.

Of all chaste birds the Phoenix doth excell.  
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell.  
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,  
Of all faire maides my Rosalind is fairest,  
Of all pure metals Gold is onely purest,  
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,  
Of all soft sweets I like my Mistris best,  
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth loue,  
Of prettie fowles, kind Venus likes the Dove,  
Of trees Minerva doth the Olieue loue,  
Of all sweete Nymphs Thenour Rosalind.

Of all her gifts her wisdome pleaseth most,  
Of all her graces vertue she doth boaste  
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,  
If Rosalind prooue crault and vankind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalind, and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (infected by the heat of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forester registered his melancholle passions : they saw the soudaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighs : they heard him often abruply call on Rosalind, who (pure soule) was as hotly bur-  
ned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon getting him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being putfull in that behalfe, they su-  
ddainly brake on his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede  
thruste him out of his damps, thus. What newes Forester? hast thou wounded some Dame, and left  
him

# Euphues golden Legacie.

But in the fal? Care not manfor so small a losse, thy fes was but the  
fain, the Thoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters luck to aime faire and  
miss; and a wodonts fortune to strike, & yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) his pas-  
sons are greater, and his sighs discover more losse: perhaps in tra-  
versing these thickets, he hath seene some beautifull Symph, and is  
grovone amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath  
newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and see the discourse of the  
Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name  
Rosalind, Aliena lookest on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede loo-  
king backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet  
thinking to shroude all under his Pages apparell, shew boldy retur-  
ned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell mee, Forrester, what is this Rosalind, for whome  
thou puest away in such passions? Is shee some Symph that waits  
upon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast dyscyphered in such  
Epithites? Or is shee some Shephardesse that haunts these plaines,  
whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fanke, whose name thou ha-  
bowest in Court vnder the figure of Rosalind, as Ouid did Julia,  
under the name of Corinna? Or say me soorth, is it that Rosalind,  
of whom we sheapheards haue heard talk, the (Forrester) that is the  
Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Dut-  
taw in this Forrest of Arden? As this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh,  
and said it is she, O gentle swaine, it is shix, that haunt it is whom  
I serue, that Goddesse, at whose shaine I doe bend all my deuotions,  
the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that Lere, and the pu-  
nitive of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she be so  
beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagrement in thy  
thoughts? Happily shew resembleth the Rose, that is sweet, but  
full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious  
as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is dead-  
ly: So thy Rosalind may be most amiable, and yet vnkind, full of  
faour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull without  
reason.

O sheapheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced  
with the excellency of all perfection, beeing a harbor whereto the  
Graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldest not breath out such blas-  
phemie against the beanteous Rosalind. Shee is a diamond, bright,

# Euphues golden Legacie.

but not heard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles and a p̄in-  
cess absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I vnhappy I,  
haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne,  
that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a  
Daphne, not (as shē) disdainfull, but farre more chaste then Daphne:  
I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Juno, and shall (I feare) em-  
brace neught but a cloude. Ah Shephard, I haue reacht at a starre,  
my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts above  
my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a p̄in-  
cess, whose honours are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why Forrester (quoth Ganimedē) comfort thy selfe, be blith and  
frolike man. Loue sowseth as loue as she soareth high, and Cupid  
shoots at a rag assone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so cu-  
rious, sparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, wo-  
mens looks are not tied to dignities feather, nor make they curious  
extreme where the stome is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not  
Forrester, saint heart never leonne faire Lasic. But where liues  
Rosalind now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, shē liues I knowe not where, and that is  
my sorrow, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might  
I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her  
pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope tells me shē would grace me  
with some fauour: and that would suffice, as recompence of all my  
former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Mistris excellency, and I  
know Forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hath  
surueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauour to tell  
me what her perfections be. That I will, quoth Rosader, for I glorie  
to make alleares wonder at my Mistris excellency. And with that  
he puld a paper forth of his boosome, wherein he read this.

## Rosalinds description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,  
Where all imperiall glory shines,  
Of selfe same coloures is hēs haire,  
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Hēs eyes are Saphires set in snow,

Resembling

### Euphues golden Legacie.

Resembling heauen by euery winke:  
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,  
And I doe tremble when I thinke,  
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheeke are like the blushing cloude,  
That beautifies Auroraes face,  
Or like the siluer crimson shroude,  
That Phoebus smiling lookest doth grace.

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.  
Her eyes are like to budded Roses,  
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,  
Within which boundes the Bosome incloses,  
Apt to entice a Deitie:

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately Towers,  
Where loue himselfe imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances euery hour,  
From her diuine and sacred eies,

Heigh ho, for Rosalind.

Her paps are centers of delight,  
Her breasts are robes of heauenly frame,  
Where Nature moulds the dewe of light,  
To seede perfection with the same,

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient Pearle, with Rubie red,  
With Marble white with Saphire blew,  
Her body euery way is sed,  
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth lights

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not Nymphis though I bemoner

## Euphues golden Legacie.

The absence of faire Rosalind,  
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,  
Nor for her vertues so diuine,

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind,

Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.

Perit quia desperat.

Believe me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalind faire above wonder : it makes me bluse to heare how women shoule be so excellent, and pages so unperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle Page thou hast cause to complaine thee, were thou the substance : but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellency enough to be like the excellency of nature. He hath answered you Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) it is enough for Pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselues. Oh Mistris (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall : who knowes not but that all women haue desire to tye souldainely to their peticoats, and ascribe beauty to themselves where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely ; if not as comely, as courteous. But tell me Forrester, (and with that he turned to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke ? Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, said hee, the vnfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, then great men in danger : But hast thou not, said hee, (hauing so melancholy opportunities as the forrest affordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Mistris ? I haue gentle Swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me, to morrow by dawne of the day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you : wherin you shal reade my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you reade it : till when, I bid farewell. So quiting both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, hee resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prattle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the Forrester being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty : surely it grieues me not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pitilesse.

Ah Aliena (quoth hee) be not peremptorie in your judgement. I heare

# Euphues golden Legacie.

heare Rosalind praised as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalind I could answere the Forrester, if hee mourne for lome, there are medecines for loue: Rosalind cannot bee faire and unkind. And so Ma dame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or else Coridon will frobone & say you will never proue good huswife. With that they put their shéphe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merras might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but ther wrore soule, that had loue her load starre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no rest, but beeing alone began to consider what passionate pe nance wrore Rosader was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last she fel into this humors with her selfe.

Rosalind passionate alone.

**A**w Rosalind, how the fates hate set downe in their synode to make thee unhappy: for when fortune hath done her wrost, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seekes to lodge her sonnes in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girtle, he is an unruley guest to harbor: for entring in by thatreates, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Wist thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Labyrinth, wher ein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, care, and discontente: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melodie: she is a Bassiske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lands where thy flockes feede, Diana hanta: he is her symphonia chaste, an enemie to loue: for there is no greater honor to a Maid then to account of Fancie as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonnie wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets feine, but for her chassitie, her fame was immortall, resembling the Laurell that is ruer greene, follow thou her steppes: Rosalind and the rather for that thou art an exile, & banished from the Court, whose distresse, as in is appeased with patience, so it would be remoued with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the wrost, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in haste, thou repente at leasure. Ah, but yet Rosalind it is Rosader that courts thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous.

## Euphiues golden Legacie.

ous, and harboreth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours, and therefore Rosalind stoope to loue, least, beeing either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disvaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was riuen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the page Rosalind, who was so full of passions that shée could not possesse any content: well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning,

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliesen was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying, it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their shewe. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried vp the pearl'd dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to leade the shewe abroade, least the dewe being unwholsome, they get the rot: but now see I this old proverbe true, hee is in hast whom the diuell drives, and where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou imprickt loue in thy looks: and set all thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quencht as that of Enna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractione of faire I eat, and retentive like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a devouring panch. Come on (quod. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtilitie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I beeing gone, you would scrale a nappe: this shifft carries no cos-out, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to with stand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bold, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make yourie Peccans, and that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early this

## Euphues golden Legacie.

this morning. And with that she slipt on her petticoat, and start vp, and assoone as she had made her ready, & taken her breakfast, alway gode these two with bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torismoud. They came no sooner nigh the fields, but they might see where their disconsented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Alinda saw him, shee smiled, and said to Ganimede, Wipe your eyes sweeting for yonder is your sweet-heart this morning in deepe pray-ers (no doubt) to Vcnuſ, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him, Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions: what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind? Take hāde Forrester, step not too farre, the Ford may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shōes: I tell thee, flies haue their spleene, the Ants choler, the least haire shadow, and the Smallest loues great desires. Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou sold thy selfe in an endelſſe Labrynth. Rosader ſeeing the faire ſhepheardesse, and her pretty Swaine in whose company he left the greatest ease of his care, he returned a ſalute on this manner.

Gentle ſhepheards, all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is reſtlesſe, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that I finde there busie thoughts, and broken ſum bers, heere (although euery where passionate) I brooke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feeds mine eye with variety of fauoris: when I looke on Floras beauteous Tapistrie: chekered with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heavenly hūs exceeds the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellencē: the brightnesse of Phēbus ſhine, puts me in mind to think on the ſparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and ſet my heart firſt on fire. The ſweet harmonie of the birds puts me in remem brance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the ſiren enchan teth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I ſaw my ſor rows, with applying the perfection of euery obiect to the excellencē of her qualties.

She is much beholding unto you (quoth Alinda) and ſo much, that

## Euphues golden Legacie.

I haue oft wist with my selfe, that if I shoulde euer proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item, Forrester (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepheardesse faours you, who is Mistris of so many flockes. Leue off man the suspition of Rosalinds loue, when as snatching at her, you roue beyond the Mone : and cast your looks vpon my Mistris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royall; one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood : better possesse the loue of Alinda, then catch fruolously at the shaddow of Rosalind.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fancies fired on my Rosalind, that were thy Mistris as faire as Leda, or Danae, whom Loue courted in transformed shapnes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties : and so hath loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellencye of another. Venus is to blame, Forrester, if having so true a servant of you, thare rewardesth you not with Rosalind, if Rosalind were more faire then her selfe.

Leaving this prattle, now Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I haue them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man : with that they sat downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with sig-trées, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

### Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,  
But waking woes were icalous of mine eyes,  
They make them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,  
But weeping teares their want couldnot suffice.

Yet sith for her they wept who guides my heart  
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,  
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incensit with loue,  
Where *Cupid* bouseth his faire feathered wings,  
But I, behold what paine I must approue.

Care drinkest it drie, but when on her I thinke,  
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brink.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,  
By them the winde increase and fiercely blow:  
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appears,  
And by their force, with greater power doth glow,  
Amids these paines, all Phenix-like I thriue,  
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

### Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester, quoth Alinda, wheri thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearefull, as despairing of thy mistris faours, nor to gleesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonetoes, Canzonnes, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelayes, that every puling patient poures out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Ame in their tongnes, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse Labrynth of sorrow, when walking in the large seaes of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inke-pot. If they finde women so fono, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they bee full gorged with pleasures: and then flie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leaving the tame feele their mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtilitie) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such (gentle Forrester) we may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time here in these woods with writing amorets, then to bee deeply enamored (as you say, of your Rosalind. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Juno in a cloud, and haue nothing but a marble mistresse to release your Martyrdome: but if you bee true and trustie, eie-paines and heart sicke, then accursed bee Rosalind if she proue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as she. Alinda spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to thy fist without any call: but Rosader, who

# Euphues golden Legacie.

take him flat for a shepheardes swaine, made him this answer.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written  
in so much humor: for mine eyes and my heart are relatives, the  
one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow.  
If thou sawest my Rosalind, with what beauties nature hath fa-  
voured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her,  
with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldest thou  
say there is none so fickle that could be flæting unto her. If shē had  
bæne Æneas Dido, had Venus and Juno both scolded him from  
Carthage, yet her excellency (dispite of them) would haue detained  
him at Tyre. If Phillis had bæne as beautesus, or Ariadne as ver-  
tuous, or both so honorabla and excellent as shē: neither had the  
philbert tree sorrowed in the death of dispairing Phillis, nor the stars  
haue bæne graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had  
beene trutlie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a  
deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see  
what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made in my heart:  
then wouldest thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse  
endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Alinda) needs there  
patience in loue? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a rest-  
lesse sore, that hath no ease, a cancker that still frets, a disease that  
taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorowes, suddaine  
joyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily grieses, and  
nightly woes bee found in loue; then is not he to bee accounted pati-  
ent, that smothers all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by  
experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold all thy words  
for Axiomes: but is loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth  
hē) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party  
that entertaines it: for as the weedes grow longer vntoucht then  
the prettie flowers, and the fint lyes safe in the quarrie, when  
the Emerald is suffering the Lapidares toole: So meane men are  
freed from Venus injuries, when Kings are invironed with a  
labyrinth of cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the  
moale; the more purer the Chrysolite, the sonner stained: and such  
as haue their hearts full of honor, haue their loues full of the  
greatest sorrow. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he firth his  
dart, hee never leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath won him  
in follie or fancie: for as the moone never goes without the starre,

Lunisqua,

# Euphues golden Legacie.

Lunisequa; so a Louer never goeth without the brest of his thoughts. For profe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Powdor gentle forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

## Rosaders second Sonetto vnt vpon Rosalind.

Turne I my lookes vnto the skies, and I see no thing but  
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies: so I moode  
If so I looke vpon the ground, so I dñe ym to iuste  
Loue then in every flowery is found: so I moode  
Search I the shade to flie my paine,  
He meetes me in the shades againe: so I moode  
Went I to walke in secret groue  
Euen there I mette with sacred Loue:  
If so I bathe me in the spring,  
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:  
If so I meditate alone,  
He will be partner of my mone:  
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,  
And where I am, there will he be:  
When as I talke of Rosalind.  
The God from coynesse waxeth kind:  
And seemes in selfe same flame to frite,  
Because he loues as well as I:  
Sweete Rosalind for pittie run,  
For why, than Loue I am more true:  
He if he spedde will quickly flie,  
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Many quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one, also pittie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a Claude, and loue either without reward, or regard, Tis not swaromesse (quoth Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destines haue cross me with her absence: for did she falle my loues, she would not let me linger in these sorowes. Content as they be faire, so they respect faulch, and estimate more (if they be honorabla) the wil then the wealth, having loyaltie that obiect wherat they aime their fancies. But leaving off these enterpryses, you shall heare my last Sonetto, and then you

# Euphues golden Legacie.

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

## Rosader's third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,  
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:  
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,  
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.  
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,  
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fonda Petrarch shroud his Lauras prayse,  
And Tasso cease to publish his affect:  
Sith mine the faith confirmed at al assaies,  
And hers the faire, which all men doe respect,  
My lynes her faire, her faire my faith assures.  
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me endures.

Thus, quoth Rosader, heere is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the echo to answere him. Ganimede pitting her Rosader, thinking to drine him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in the meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we Shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our stomacks are Shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall ansvere whatsoeuer thou wantest in delicates. Alinda tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader hee should bee her guest. Hee thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state would allow them, sauiced with such content, and such swete prattle, as it seemed farre more swete then all their Courtly incketts.

Allone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giving them thankes for his good chare, would haue binne gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay Forrester, quoth hee, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou sayst thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in

# Euphues golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue hole if Rosalind were present, how thou couldst court her, and while wee sing of lone, Alinda shall tune her pipe and play vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Alinda, shew to shew her willingnesse, draw forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

## The wooing Eglogue betweene Rosalind and Rosader.

Rosalind.

I pray thee Nymph, by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know,  
Or what our thoughts or faltering tongue affords.  
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe,  
Sweet Rosalind my loue (would God my loue)  
My life, (would God my life) ay pittie mee,  
Thy lips are kind and humble like a Doue,  
And, but with beautie pittie will not bee,  
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruthfull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:  
All pale in looks, and I, though young in yeares,  
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.  
O let no stormie rigour knyt thy browes,  
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,  
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
The Iron yeelds with hammer and with heate.  
Oh Rosalind, then thou pitifull,  
For Rosalind is onely beautifull  
Rosalind.

Loue wantons arme their traitrous suits with teares,  
With vowes and oathes, with looks, with showers of gold,  
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,  
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.  
Thus suckes the yeolding care the poisned baite,  
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,  
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,  
Thus blind the eycs their sight by subtile charmes.

The

# Euphaues golden Legacie.

The louely lookes, the fighsthat storne so sore,  
The deaw of deepe dissembling doublenesse:  
These may attempt, but are of power no more,  
Where beauty leaves to wit and floothfastnesse.

Oh Rosader, then be thou witifull.

For Rosalind scornes foolish pittifull.

Rosader

I pray thee Rosalind by those sweet eyes.  
That staine the Sun in shine, the Moone in cleare,  
By those sweet cheeke where loue encamped lies.  
To kisse the Roses of the springing yeare,  
I tempt thee Rosalind by truthfull plaintes:  
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,  
But firme in paine, farre more then tongue depaints:  
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile,  
So may the heauens preserue from hurtfull food  
Thy harmelesse flockes, so may the summer yeild,  
The pride of all her riches and her good,  
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field.)  
Oh leue to stane thy louely browes with scornes,  
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:  
And louers nought but sighs and bitter moune,  
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.

Oh Rosalind, then be thou pitifull,

For Rosalind is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame,  
Rosalind, And Rosalind my loue, not any weoll more sofier,  
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?

Rosalind. When loue is true, maids would beleue them ofter.

Rosader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.

Rosalind. Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not tric.

Rosader. Oh pitie me sweet Nymph, and doe but proue.

Rosalind. I will resist, but yet I know not why,

Rosader. Oh Rosalind be kind, for times will change,

Thy lookes aye nill be faire as now they be:

Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange,

Ah yeild in time, sweet Nymph, and pitie me,

Rosalind

# Euphues golden Legacie.

Rosalind. Oh Rosalind, thou must be pittifull,  
For Rosader is young and beautifull.

Rosalind. O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne!

Rosalind. O trust, betraide of Rosader abuse me!

Rosader. First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,

And heauens and earth as abiects quite refuse me :

Let sorrowes streme about my hatefull bowre:

And wretchedesse horror hatch within my brest:

Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lowre:

Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,

Ere Rosalind my loyaltie disproue,

Ere Rosalind accuse me for vnkind.

Rosalind. Then Rosalind will grace thee with her loue,

Then Rosalind will haue thee still in minde.

Rosader. Then let me triumph more than Tithans deare,

Sith Rosalind will Rosader respect,

Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,

And frolick in the comfort of affect,

And say, that Rosalind is onely pittifull,

Sith Rosalind is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some good fortunes light upon their effections, begon to be thus pleasant. How now forrester, haue I not fittid your turne? Haue I not plaid the woman hansomly, and she wed my selfe as coy in garments, as curteous in distresse; and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salme al lumpe I not all vp with the sweete union of loue? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle swaine) Rosader hath his Rosalind, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a Goddess, onely embraced a cloyne:in these imaginarie fruitions of fantasie, I resemble the byrds that fed themselves with Zexues painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were glad with Aesopes Cocke to scrape for a barley kernell:so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my mistris fauours, sothe my

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selfe in thy sutes, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my foode be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yéeres end, shall finde me but a leane Louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe divine some unfained end of ensuing fancies. And therupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wéle haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made vp this iesling match, that after proued to a mariage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had woed and won his Rosalind.

But all was well, hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry for tunes leyure, till shee may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I disgresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pennie, unlesse there were some chere, nor that bargaine well made, that was not striken vp with a cup of wine: and therefore she wist Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a major of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalind, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant devises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne wared very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carowse: which done, they all threé arose, and Alinda brake off thus,

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies, seeing thou hast woone Rosalind, when hee could not woone Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adieu in a clonde. Our shéepe, the pure wantons wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest: which tells vs Forrester, we must depart. Marrie though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and to morrow morning if you meete vs here, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maid as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosalind, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue:

and

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and so till to morrow , you to your foles , and I will to my Lodge : and thus the Forrester and they parted . He was no sooner gone , but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flockes , and taking vp their hookes , their bags , and their botties , hied homeward . By the way , Aliena ( to make the time seeme short ) began to prattle with Ganimede thus : I haue heard them say , that what the fates fore-point , that Fortune pricketh downe with a period , that the starres are ticklers in Venus Court , and desire hangs at the heele of Delfine : if it be so , then by all probable conjectures , this match will bee a marriage : for , if Augurisne be authenticall , or the Divines doomes principles , it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance , for to that end did the Gods forke the conceit of this Eglogue , that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections : so that ere it be long , I hope ( in earnest ) to dance at your wedding . Tush ( quoth Ganimede ) all is not vault that is cast on the hill , there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one , loue feles no footing in the aire , and fancies holds it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue : the match is not yet so surely made , but he may misse his marker but if Fortune be his friend , I will not be his foe : and so I pray you ( gentle Mistris Aliena ) take it . I take all things well ( quoth shee ) that is your content , and am glad Rosader is yours , for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet : your eye that ever looketh at loue , will not lend a glance on your Lambes , and then they will proue more burome , and you more blithe , for the eyes of the Master feedes the Cattell . As thus they were in chat , they spied old Coridon , where hee came plodding to meet them : who told them supper was ready , which newes made them speede thens home , where we will leau them till the next morrow , and returne to Saladine .

All this while did poor Saladine ( banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond ) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden , thinking to get to Lions , and so to travell through Germanie into Italy : but the Forrest being full of by-patches , and hee unskilfull of the Country coast , lipt out of the way , and chanced vp into the Desart , not farre from the place where Gerismond was , and brother Rosader . Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe , and hungry with long fasting , finding a little Cave by the side of a thicket , eating such fruits as the Forrest did afford , and con-

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tenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided ; and thirst made delicate, after his repast , fell into a dead sleepe. As hee thus lay , a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the grove , for prey , and espying Saladine , beganne to seize vpon him : but seeing hee lay still without any motion , hee left to touch him , for that Lions hate to prey on dead carckasses , and yet desirous to hane some foode , the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure , fortune that was carefull of her Champion , beganne to smite , and brought it so to passe , that Rosader (having stricken a Deere , and but lightly hurt , fled through the thicket ) came packing downe by the grove with a Woare-Speare in his hand in great hast , hee espied where a man lay a sleepe , and a Lion fast by him : amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing , his nose on a sodaine bled , which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more neare , he might easilie discerne his visage , and perceiving by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine , which drawe Rosader into a deepe passion , as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpeted a chance , maruellung what should drive his brother to trauele those secret desarts without any company , in such a distressed and forlorne sort . But the present time craving no such doubting ambages , for hee must either resolute to hazard his life in his release , or else steale away , and leue him to the crueltie of the Lion . In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himselfe .

### Rosaders meditation

**N**Ow Rosader , Fortune that long had whipt thee with spetles , meanes to salue thee with roses , and having crost thee with many frownes , now shee presents thee with the brightnessse of her fauours . Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men , mayest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men , if fortune can make men happy , or sweet reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content . Thou seest Saladine , thine enemie , the worker of thy misfortunes , and the efficient cause of thine exile , subiect to the crueltie of a mercilessse Lion , brought into this miserie by the Gods , that they might seem iust in renenging his rigor , and thine iniuries . Wouldest thou not haue the Starres are in a favourable aspect , the planets in some pleasing communion , the States agreeable to thy thoughts , and the Destinies performers of thy delasses , in that Saladi-

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Jadine shall die ; and thou be free of his bloud : he receiuers moe for his amisse , and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou retorne unto Bourdeaux , and injoy thy posses- sions by birth , and his revenues by inheritance : now maist thou triumph with loue , and hang fortunes Altars with garlands : For when Rosalind heares of thy wealth , it will make her loue thee the more willingly , for womens eyes are made of Chisecol , that is e- ver unperfet , unlesse tempered with gold : and Jupiter sonest en- raged Danae , because he came to her in so rich a shoure. Thus shall this Lion ( Rosader ) end the life of a miserable man , and from di- stresse raise thee to bee most fortunate. And with that , casting his Boare-speare upon his necke , alway begann to trudge. But hee had not slept backe two or thre paces but a new motion strooke him to the very heart , that resting his Boare-speare against his breast , he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader , wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux , whose vertues exceeded his valour , and the most hardiest Knight in all Europe ? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne , and wilst thou dishonour thy parentage in forgetting that nature of a Gentleman ? Did not thy father at his last gaspe , breathe out this golden principle ? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum , that salueth the most dangerous sores : Did hee make a large exhort unto concord , and wilst thou shew thy selfe carelesse ? Oh Rosader , what though Saladine hath wronged thee , and made thee liue an exile in the forest , shall thy nature bee so cruell , or thy surture so crooked , or thy thoughts so sauage , as to suffer so diuillish a revenge ? what , to let him be devoured with wilde beests ? Non sapit , qui non sibi sapit , is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Lose not his life Rosader , to winne a world of treasure : for in ha- unting him , thou hast a brother , and by hazarding for his life , thou gettest a friende , and reconciles an enemie : and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe , than reuenging a thousand iniuries.

Witch that his brother began to stirre , and the Lion to rouze him- self : whereupon Rosader sudainely charged him with the Boare- speare , and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt , leapt at Rosader , and with his pawes gaue him a soore pinch on the breast , that hee had al- most

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most faine , yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained , hee recovered himselfe , and in short combate slue the Lion , who at his death roared so loude , that Saladin awaked: and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him , and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. Hee presently ( as he was of a ripe conceit) began to conjecture that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon ( as a man in a frunce ) haue stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother wæring in that disguise ; at last he burst into these tearmes. Sir whatsoever you be , (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour. ) I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage , and sau'd my life with thine owne losse : which tyes mee to be thine in all humble seruice. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due , and more thou canst not haue , for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to command me , use me as farre as the power of a pwe Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknotone to his brother , wondred to heare such curteous words come from his crabbed nature , but glad of such reformed nature, hee made this answeare. I am sir ( whatsoever thou art) a Forrester , and a raunger of these walkes , who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might sauē thee , and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee asleepe , and the Lion watching thy awake , that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a Gentleman ( for all mens thoughts ought to be favourable in imagination ) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers relief , though with the losse of mine owne bloud , which I haue performed ( thou seest) in mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou bee a man of such worth as I value thee , by the exterior lineaments: make discouery unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes : for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes : but whatsoever , or howsoever , let mee crave that fauour , to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladin sitting downe , and fetching a deepe sigh , beganne thus.

*Saladines discourse to Rosader  
unknowne.*

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Although the discourse of my fortunes be the revving of my sores, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound yet I may not proue ungrateful to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, than giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therfore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honor hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodye into my humane eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Universitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might poze on a Booke, while I ferde on his reuenues: and for the younger, which was my Fathers joy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sent him downe and lopt. Nay, forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the unfittest salve that men can apply to cure sorowes, and therefore reale from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looks to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that bringes teares from mine epe, and blood from my heart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares has aymed all his acts at honor, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke any iniurie unworthy of a gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blind, & couetousnes masked with the veile of selfeloue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to supprese it being a twig, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glistering, and vertue will shine though it be never so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and vsed him as one of my seruile hinde, vntill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could

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not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to live  
of himselfe. To be short Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he coun-  
tercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour; vntill at last by friendes,  
and ayde of such as followed gold more than right or vertue, I ba-  
nished him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) lynes (no man  
knowes where) in some distresse content, The Gods not able to  
suffer such impietie unreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a  
causelle quarrell against me, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath  
exiled me out of France for ever.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as having a  
blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a  
touch in my estate to bee thrawne from my proper possessions by in-  
justice. Passionate thus with many grieves, in penance of my for-  
mer follies. I goe thus pilgrimage-like to seeke my brother, that I may  
reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, & afterward send to the  
holy Land, to end my yeeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent  
my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladine began to  
compassionate his sorromes, and not able to smother the sparks of  
nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. Then  
know Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who  
grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen  
of thy miserie.

Saladine casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the  
Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him  
so bashfull and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to re-  
comfort him. Which hee did in such sort, that he shewed how highly  
he held reuenge in scorne. Much adoe there was betwene these two  
Brethren, Saladine in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and  
forgetting al former iniurie: the one humble and submisse, the other  
milde and courteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind  
and louing, that at length Nature worketh an union of their  
thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of un-  
kindnesse, to talke of their country life, which Rosader so highly com-  
mended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that  
homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Ge-  
rismouds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing  
the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King

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looking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of insuing honours, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilement, promising such fauour as the povertie of his estate might afford, which Saladine gratefullly accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. wherupon Saladine briefly discoursed to him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie ( although hee had wronged him ) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the young Gentleman.

Many questions passed: but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for since their departure they were never heard of. Theirs fortune, said the King, that to double the fathers miserie, toongest the daughter with misfortunes. And with that ( burcharged with sorrowes ) hee went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conduced to the sight of Adam Spencer who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when he heard the whole matter, althoough he grieved for the exile of his brother, yet he hoped that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a long while, and seeing what familiarity passed betwix them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affectiōn, said thus: pecunary, thus it shold bee, this was the concorde that old Sir John of Bourdeaux boylshed betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing themooke to live fortunate and die honourable.

All said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but halfe any viduall in more for vs: A piece of red Deere, quoth he, and a botle of wine. His forefathers fare brother, quoth Rosader, and so they late thent dolome, and fell to their cates. As soone as they had taken their repast and well dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forest, and what content they entoyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother, to shew him all all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly minid of his Ganimede, who minid much (with Aliena) what shoulde become of this Spender. Some while they thought he had fallen

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Some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawne his fancies, or happily he was sicke, or detained by some great busynesse of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconcilment to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but especially Ganimede who having loue in heart proued restlesse, and hafte without patience, that Rosader wronged her with long absence: for loue measures every minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to be moneths, till they see de their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed liued poor Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dump, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest Will on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shee said to Aliena, see Mistris where your iolly forrester comes. And you are not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what pottage you loue, the wind cannot be tyed within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a vale, vyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans looks: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soon as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why holde now gentle forrester, what minde hath kept you from hence, that being so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many dayes? Are these the passions you painted out in your Hornets and Roudelayes? I see well, hot loue is some cold, & that the fancies of men is like a loose feather that wandereth in the aire with the blast of every winde. You are deceived Mistris, quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of unkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occasion of offence, by absenting my selfe three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confess with penance. But to tel you the truth, faire Mistris, and my good Rosalind, my eldest brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the forrest. And heere Rosader discouerit unto her what had happened betwixt them; which reconcilment made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyramie of her father, grieved inwardly & yet smothered all things with such secerete, that the concealing was more sovrain then the conceit, yet that her estate might bee hid still

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she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saw how these parties valewed not her Deitie, but held her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that liued by prowling in a forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Martiall, had caues in the groves and thickets, to shrowd themselves from his traunes: hearing of the beatnie of this faire Shepheardesse Alienæ, thought to steale her away, and give her to the King for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolued, while Alienæ and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands on Alienæ and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, then any way to be toucht with the least blemish of dishonor, and therefore dealt such blowes among them with his weapon, as hee did witnessse well upon their carlasses, that hee was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contradiuox*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauning none to backe him: so that he was, not only bat- ted, but sore wounded, and Alienæ and Ganimede had beeне carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her fromne into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chancie, who wan- dering to finde out his brothers walke encountered this crew, and set- ting, not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaved vp a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first he strooke, had never after more neare of the phisition, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the rascals were awazied at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunatly arrived, and sasing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and laid on such I oade, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Alienæ and Ganimede to the possession of Ro- dader and Saladine.

Alienæ, after shee had breathed a while, and was come to her selfe from this feare, loukt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the forrester: but shee cast her eye vpon this courteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she begayne to measure every part of him

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with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his ver-  
sue, holding him for a resoluteman, that durst assaile such a troope of  
unbridled vilians. At last gathering his spirites together, she return-  
ed unto him these thaukes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to  
relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you  
haue manifest resolutions: Wee poore Shepheards haue no wealth  
but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any  
great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards  
to our friends without faining. For ransome therfore of this our  
rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy,  
as a poore shephearde and her page may give you: with promise (in  
what we may) never to proue ingratefull. For this gentleman that  
is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance,  
weele pay him with smiles, and fide him with loue Jonkes, and  
though he be never the fatter at the yeares end, yet weele so hanper  
him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, began more  
narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to suruay all her tinaments  
with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beautie,  
that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that look-  
ed in all these broples to haue a blow or two, seeing the parties at the  
gaze, encountryed them both with such a veng, that the stroke pierceth  
to the heart so deepe, as it could never bee rased out. At last, after  
hee had looked so long till Aliena waxy red, haue returned her this  
answre.

Faire Shepheardesse, if fortune graced mee with such godd happe-  
as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had  
gotten a greater conquest: for the reliese of a distressed woman, is  
the speciaall point, that Gentleman are tyed unto by honour: see-  
ing then by hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather dutie then  
duty. But least I might seeme either coy, or too carelessse of a  
Gentlewoman's proffer, I will take your kinde Gramercy for a  
recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganinede lookt earnest-  
ly upon him, and said. Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours  
you much in the feature of your face. So maruaile, quoth he (gen-  
tle Swayne) for tis my eldest Brother Saladine. Your brother,

## Euphues golden Legacie.

(quoth Aliena) and with that shre blisht , hee is the more welcome and I hold my selfe the moxe his debter , and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a piece of service , if it please him to doe mee that honour , I wil cal hym servant , and he shall call me mistris . Content swerte mistres ( quoth Saladine ) and when I forget to call you so , I will bee remembred full of mine owne selfe . Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue , quoth Rosader , and gine mee some drinke , for I am passing thristie , and then will I home , for my wounds bleede sore , and I will haue them drest . Ganimede had feares in her eyes , and passions in her heart , to see Rosader so pained , and therefore crept hastily to the bottle , and filled out some wine in a  $\text{\AA}$ razor , shee spiced it with such comfortable druggs as shew had about her , and gane it him , which did comfort Rosader . that rising ( with the helpe of his brother ) he tooke his leane of them , and wens to his lodge . Ganimede as stome as they were out of sight , ledde her flocke downe to a bale , and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech tree sate downe and beganne to mourne the misfortunes of her swarte heart . And Aliena as a woman passing discontent , severing her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon treé , began to sigh out the passions of her new loue , and to meditate with her selfe on this manner ,

### Alienæ Meditation.

A  $\text{P}$  me , now I see , and sorrowing sigh to see , that Dianaes Lamells , are harbourers of Venus Douds , that thereto trace as well thorow the Latous wantons , as chaste ones ; that Calisto , bee shée never so chary , will cast an amorous eye at comting loue : and Diana her selfe will change her shape , but she will honour loue in a shadow that maides eyes , bee they as hard as Diamonds , yet Cupid hath druggs to make them more plyable than ware . See Aliena , how fortune , and loue haue interleaued themselves to bee thy foes , and to make thee their subiect , or else their abiet , haue inweigled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect . Of late thou heldst Venus for a giglet , not a Goddesse , now thou shalt be farr to sue suppliant to her Deitie . Cupid was a boy , and blind , but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee at the heart . While I lived in the Court , I held loue in contempt , and in high seates I had small desire . I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie , now could Venus countercheck mee , as long as my fortune was maistrie , and my thoughts honour : and shall I now bee high in desires , when I am made low by destinie :

## Euphues golden Legacie.

I haue heard them say, that loue lookes not at low Cottages, that Venus ets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that hee scornes to touch pouertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experiance tells thee, that pesants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as sonne about a cheape coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, beeing rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then: women must loue, or they must cease to live: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is leueld on a more seemely saint. If it bee so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wrongd thee that hath not wrongd him, if hee bee proud in contempt, bee thou rich in content, and rather die than discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou bee ne thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, else had shou not bin now woon: but for all these vertues, banisht by thy father, & therefore if hee know thy parentage, hee will hate the fruit for the tree, & condonme the yong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoever I will, and what soever betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hee of mee as hee please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, shee rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while late in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena beganne to comfort her, her selfe beeing ouergrowne with sorowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasant persuasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes. supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed-time, beganne a long discourse. how Moncanus the young Shepheard that was in loue with Phebe, coulde by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her handes: but stil pained in restlesse passions: remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phebe, is she so faire that

## Euphues golden Le ga cie.

that shē thinkes no shpheard worthy of her beauty : or so froward that no loue nor loyalty will content her : or so coy , that she requireth a long time to be woed , or so foolish she forgets , that like a sop she must haue a large haruest for a little corne.

I cannot distinguishe , said Coridon , of these nice qualities , but one of these dayes I le bring Montanus and her downe , that you may see their persons ; and note their passions , and then where the blame is , there let it rest . But this I am sure , said Coridon , if all maides were of her minde , the world would grove to a mad passe , for there should be much more of swining , and little weddung , many words and little worship , much folly , and no faith .

At this sad sentence of Coridon , so sadly brought forth , Alienā smilēd , and because it waxed late , shē and her Page went to bed , both of them having fleas in their eares to keepe them awake , Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader , and Alienā for the affection shē boze to Saladine . In this discontented humour , they past away the time , till falling asleepe , their senses at rest , late , left them to their quiet numbers : which were not long , for assoone as Phebus rose from his Aurora , and began to mount him in the skie , summoning plowmen to their handy labour , Alienā rose , and going to the couch where Ganimede lay , awaked her Page , saying , the morning is farre spent , the dey small , and time called them away to the fields . Ah ha , said Ganimede , is the wind in that dore ? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond so hard , but will yeld to the file , no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake , or no minde so chaste , but loue will change . Well Alienā must Saladine bee the man , and will it bee a match ? trust me , hee is faire and valiant , the sonne of a worthie knight , whom if hee imitate in perfection , as hee represents him in proportion , hee is worthy of no lesse than Alienā . But hee is an exile , what then ? I hope my Mistris respects the vertues , not the wealth , and measures the qualities , not the substance .

Those dames that are like Danae , that like loue in no shape , but in a sholme of gold , I wish them husbands with much wealth , a little boit , that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other . It would (my Alienā) staine the honor of a shpheards life , to set the end of passions upon pelse ; Loues eyes looke not so low as gold , there is no fees to be paid in Cupids Courts , and in other times (as Coridon hath told me ) the shpheards loue gifts were Apples , and Che-

# Euphues golden Legacie.

units, and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant.  
But now,

*Querenda pecunia primum post nummos virtus.*

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres  
wrote on;

omnis enim res,  
*Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaq; pulchritus*  
*Divitij parent: quas qui construxerit, ille*  
*Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,*  
*Et quicquid volet.*

But Aliena, let it not bee so with thee in thy fancies, but respect  
his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward  
to further Saladine in his affections, thought shee kiss the childe for  
the nurses sake, and bemoan for him, that shee might please. Rosader  
made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this persuasion? Hast thou  
seene lone in my looks, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that  
they discouer some new entartained fancies? If thou meastreest my  
thoughts by my countenance, thou maist yzone as ill a physiognomer  
as the Lapidary, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by  
the extriour shadew of the stone. The operation of the Algate is not  
knowen by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse,  
but by the hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not ever the  
most pretious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours,  
but for their vertues. Womans faces are not alwaies kalenders of  
fancies, nor doe their thoughts and their looks ever agree: For  
when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they most empty  
of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are  
they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholy, then Ganimede  
tis not a consequence, that I am intangled with the perfeccion of S-  
ladine. But seeing fine cannot bee hid in the world, nor lone kept so  
converte but it will be spied, what shoulde friends conceale fancies?  
I knowe (my Ganimede) the beauty and valour, the boite & professe of  
Saladine hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing  
to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if loose hath done mee in

## Euphues golden Legacie.

rice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of thy face, and that hee is as  
deepely enamored as I am passionate, I tell thee Ganimede, there  
shall not be much swyng, for shee is already wonne, and what needs  
a longer battayle? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall bee shes  
proportioned; you to match with Saladine and I with Rosader, thus  
have the destinies favoured vs with some pleasing askeit, that have  
made vs as private in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.  
With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the  
fields with Aliena, wheres unfolowing their flockes they late them down  
vnder an Olive tree, both of them amorous, & yet diversly affected:  
Aliena toying in the excellency of Saladine, and Ganimede sorrow-  
ing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till shee might  
heare of his health. As thus both of them late in their humpes, they  
might espy where Coridon came running towards them, almost out  
of breath with hast. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you  
come in such post? Oh misris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time  
desire to see Phoebe the faire Shephearell, Montanus loues,  
if now so it please you and Ganimede to walke with me to yonder  
thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine,  
he courting her with his country ditties, and she so coy as she held  
lone in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two louers, that for they rose  
and went with Coridon. Assone as they dienigh the thicket, they  
might espye where Phoebe late (the fairest Shephearell in all Ar-  
den, and the frolikest Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a petti-  
coate of Scarlet, coured with a green mantle, and to shoude her  
from the sun a chaplet of roses, from buder which appeared a face  
full of natures excellency, and two such eyes as might haue amazed  
a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeus Bumph  
late the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours. looking with  
such pitious looks and courting with such deepe strained sighes: as  
wou'd haue made Diana her selfe to haue beene compassionate: at  
last fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand,  
and his elbowe on his knee, he sung this mournfull Dittie.

*Montanus Sonner.*

A Turtle late vpon a leauelless tree,  
mourning her absens phare,

# Fuphues golden Legacie.

With sad and sorry cheere  
About her wondring stood,  
The Citizens of wood,  
And whilst her plumes she rents,  
And for her loue laments:  
The stately trees complaine them  
And birds with sorrow paine them  
Each one that doth her view,  
Her paine and sorrowes rue:  
But were the sorrowes knowne,  
That me hath ouerbrowne,  
**Oh how would Phaebe figh,** if she looke on me?

The loue-sick Polipheme that could not see,  
Who on the barraine shore,  
His fortunes did deplore:  
And melteth all in mone,  
For Galatea gone  
And with his cryes,  
Afflicts both earth and skyes,  
And to his woe betoke?  
Both breake both pype and hooke,  
For whom complaines the morne,  
For whom the Sea-Nymphis mourne.  
Alas his paine is noughe:  
For were my woe but thought,  
**Oh how would Phaebe figh,** if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine, yet glad am I,  
If gentle Phaebe daine, to see her Montane die.

After this Montanus fel his passions so extreame, that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

*Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur  
Modere un peu ta violence.  
Que te sert as si grande desponce?  
Cest trop de flammes pour un coeur,  
Espargnez en vne est incelle.*

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Puis fait ton offort d'esmouvoir,  
Lafiere qui ne veut point voir,  
En quels enie brusle pour elle.  
Execute Amour ce dessein,  
Et rabaisse ve peu son ardeur,  
Son cœur ne doit estre de glace,  
Bien que elle ait de neige le sein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a boolle of sighs, and such a stremme of teares, as might haue moued any but Phoebe to haue granted him fauour. But shée measuring all his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the pore Shepheards patheticall humours, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had bene no maladie, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

### Phoebe Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,  
Thus Phillis sung,

By fansie once distressed,  
Who so by foolish loue are stung,  
Are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with a downe, downe, &c.  
When loue was first begot,  
And by the mothers will,  
Did fall to humanc lot,  
His salace to fullfill:  
Deuoid of all deceit,  
A chaste and holy fire,  
Did quicken mens conceit,  
And womens breast inspire,  
The Gods that saw the good,  
That mortals did approve,  
With kind and holy mood,  
Began to talke of loue,  
Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung,

By fansie once distressed, &c.

## Euphues golden Legacie.

But during this accord,  
A wonder strange to heare;  
Whilst loue in deed and word,  
Most faithfull did appear,  
False semblance came in place,  
By iealousie attened:  
And with a double face,  
Both Loue and Fansie blended  
Which make the Gods forsake,  
And men from Fansie flie:  
And maidens scorne a knave,  
Forsooth and so will I.  
Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung,

By fansie once distressed:  
Who so by foolish loue are stung  
are worthily oppressed.  
And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe.

Montanus bearing the cruell resolution of Phoebe, was so over-grown with passions, that from amorous bitties, hee fell flat into these termes. Ah Phoebe, said he, wherof art thou made, that thou regardest not my malady? Am I so basefull unclayned, that thy eyes condemne me for an object so base, that thy desires cannot stope so lowe as to lend me a gracious looke: my passions are many, my loues moare, my thoughts lewdies and Fansies faulth: all devouted in humble devoit to the service of Phoebe, and shall I reape no reward for such fealties? The bovines daily labours are put with the evenings hire: the plowmans toyle is easen with the hope of Copie: what the Dre steeates out at the plough, he fiddeth of the crib: but in fortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrows, nor any hope of recompence, for the hazard of his perplexed passion. If (Phoebe) time may please the proofe of my truth: since seven winters have allowed faire Phoebe: if constancy be a cause to further my suite; Montanus thoughts haue binne sealed in the boord of Phoebe's excellency, as farre from change as she from loue: if outward passions may discouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may discouer the sorowes in my heart, and the woe of my lookes the griefe of my minde. Then

## Euphues golden Legacie.

PHOEBE (Phoebe) thy feares of dispaire haue made my cheeke full of  
wrinkles, & my scalding sighs haue made the aire ethereall pittie,  
conewchyn my plaints. Philomel bewailing my passions, hath left  
her monstrall bane to listen to the discorde of my passions, I haue  
nowe leaved in barrettes the beautie of my spirites, and the despaires  
of my herte. so that heit in the woodes cannot holde me my selfe: and  
who is it would not punche my plaints: onely Phoebe: who by her  
causis I am Miserable, and the Phoebe: is a wortleffe swaine, and  
she the most excellent of all faires. Beaufiful Phoebe, obnighe I  
am pained, than happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of  
that godly hap. Desirous Montanus, knot by his foyne, but by his  
lones, and ballance not his health, but bisenesse, and lenth but one  
gracious loue to cure obshape of bisquited cares: if not, ah if Phoebe  
cannot loue, let a nozme of stroknes and the discontents of my  
thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are abone  
me deserts, onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that  
all shall say, Montanus died for loue of her to be wt Phoebe.

At these words shre did her face full of stroknes, and make hym  
this short and sharpe swyg. Imporunate Daphne, whose loues  
are labellise, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that  
they canst not conceale it with patience: O art thou so folle sick,  
that thou must neuer see Phoebe dñe, and in thy affection tyed to  
such an exgent, as none serues but Phoebe wchell sic, if your mar-  
ket can bee made no where else, home agayne, for your martis at  
the fairest.

Phoebe is no lettresse for your tyme, and her grasper hande fightyng  
that gage at them yonderly her touch them wch cannot. Yet Mon-  
tanus, I speake not this in pride, but in rebuke, wch that I scorne  
the, but that I hate loue, for I count it vs great honour to triumph  
over fancies an over fortune. Well then content therfore Montanus  
ease from thy loues, and blynde thy bokes, quench the sparkles be-  
fore the 2 sunnes or a further flame, for in louing me, thou shalt but  
the be losse, and what shouldest thou losse of thy honor, and weitten in the  
wind, wch ethous Mfoncous as fates vs Paris, as hardy as Hector,  
as constant as Teymus, as louing as Leander: Phoebe could not  
die, because ther cannot loue at all: and therfore if thou pursue  
me with Phoebus, I shal die with Daphne.

Conspicke nowe yonder the 2 passions of Montanus, reu-  
er in

## Euphues golden Legacie.

not by me the cruytice of Phebe, but starting from behinde the bigne,  
said: And if (damsell) you fled from me, I woulde transforme you  
as Daphne to a 13ay, and then in contempte to mimp the your branch  
under my feet. Phebe at this suddeine reply was amazad; yet per-  
ally when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede blushing cheke-  
fore hee shold haue bane gone, but that hee held her by the hand, and  
prosecuted his reply thus: Al hat shepheardeisse, faire and so cruy-  
dudaine beforenes not cottages, nra cornessemairdes: for either thyn-  
hee condenmed to bee too proude or too froward. Late heveth al-  
synph, that in despising loue, you be not ouer-reached with loue,  
and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your owne shadow, and  
with Narcissis proue passionate, & yet unpitied. Ofte haue I heard  
& sometimes haue seene high disdaine turned to hot desires. Wert thou  
thou art beautifull, bee not to say: as there is nothing more faire  
so is there nothing more fading: as momentanie as the shadow  
that grow from a cloudy Sunne. Such, my faire shepheardeisse  
as disdaine in youth, desire in age, and shen are they hated in  
winter that might haue been loued in the prime. A wronchled man  
is like a parched Rose, that is call vp in Coffers to please the  
not morne in the hand to content the eye, there is no folly in loue  
had I wist, and therefore be ruled by me, loue inde thou art  
least thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time can  
berecallled, and if thou loue, kin of Montranus: for as his wifes  
are many, so his delects are great.

Phebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede,  
deepely enamoured of his perfection, as Montranus entangled his  
hers, for her eye madie scrury of his excellent feature, which she  
found so rare, that shee thought the ghost of Adonis had beene sent  
from Elysium, in the shape of a swaine. When shee blushed at her  
owne scry, to looke so long on a stranger, shee mildly made an  
swer to Ganimede thus: I cannot denie Sir, but I haue heare  
loue, though I never fel loue: and haue read of such a Goddess  
as Venus, though I never sawe any but her picture; and perhaps  
and with that shee warr red and ballyfull, and wiffull, friend: taking  
Ganimede perceiving, commended in her selfe the ballyfullnesse of  
the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps Sir, quod  
shee, mine eye hath bee ne more prodigall to day than euer before:  
and with that shee stapped agayne, as one greatly passionate and per-

## Euphues golden Legacie.

plered. Alienā seeing the Hare through the mase, bade her forward, with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she brake off and with her eyes full of teares, and her face covered with a vermil lion die, she late doone, and sighed: whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that she would be more pliant to loue, least in penance Venus ioyned to her some sharpe penance. Phebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Echo made relation of her plaints: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercēng glance, that the amorous girle boy perceiued Phēbe was pinched by the heels.

But leaving Phebe to the folly of her new fancies, and Montanus to attend vpon her: en Saladine, though all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Alienā, insomuch that he framed a sweete concerte Sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to goe to Alienā and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Forrest bill on his necke, he trudged in al hast towards the plaines, wherē Alienās flocke did feede: comming in to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phebe. Fortune so conouerted this iolly Forrester that hee encoutered them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted on this manner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, unless your beauty be tempered with curtesie, & the lineaments of the face graced with the lowlines of minde: as many good fortunes to you and your page as your selues can desire and imagin. My brother Rosader ( in the griefe of his green wounds) stil mindfull of his friends, hath sent me unto you: with a kind salute, to shew that hee brookes his paines with the in-repatience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence he receiuēd his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will haue a great comfort to dis disempred body, and distressed thoughts, and therefore sent mee with a stratchinge to visite you.

And you ( quoth Alienā) are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compatisionate with as great sorrow, as bee brookes them with grieve: and his wounds breedē in vs as many passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet hee feeleth in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

## Esaues golden Legacie.

vanishing (if we might) that our mishap might salme his maladie. But fearing our wilches yeld him little ease, our orisons are never id; to the Good for his encounterie. I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with tristes in his eyes, when the Sangour Scamblant, held her his wounds banguing: Dangereus (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of am-  
paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these tenne dayes he  
will be abroad and finde you himselfe. At the meane time (quoth  
Ganimede) sayth Rosalind commends her unto him, and bids him  
be of good cheare. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalind  
is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is never out of his mouth: but  
midst the dearest of his passions, he woteth Rosalind as a charme to ap-  
pease all sorowes with patience. I fforsooth that I conjecture my  
brother is in loue with some Paragon that holdeþ his heart perplexed  
whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares,  
straight with ioy, then twith smiles: as if in one person loue had lea-  
ged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherewin I have noted the varia-  
ble disposition of same, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth  
in sundrie humors, being as it shoulde seeme, a combat mirt with  
disquiet, and a bitter pleasure except in a smot preiudice, like to the  
Sinopie tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit in-  
fest the taste..

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are dexterously read in loue, or  
grows your insight into affection by experiance? Whosoeuer, un-  
doubtedly it seemeth you are a great philosopher in Venus princi-  
ples, els could you not discouer our secret Aphorismes. But Sir, our  
Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our woo-  
ing like your saying: for þose Shepheards ricer plaine them, til loue  
paines them, where the Couriers eye is full of Compassion, when  
his heart is most free from affection: They court to discouer their eloquence,  
wec how to easse our sorowes: euerie faire face with them  
must haue a mefancie, sealed with a soze finger kisse, and a faire  
fetcht sigh: wec heire loue one, and loue to that one, so long as life can  
maintaine Loue, using sevres ceremonies, because wec know fewe  
subtilties, and littele eliquencie for that we lightly account of flatter-  
rie: onely faith and Alroth, that is Shepheards wooing: and Sir,  
how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my selfe  
to such loue, what, and loue so loue as a Shepheardeesse, bring

# Euphues golden Legacie.

The sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux , such desires were a disgrace to your honour , and with that surveying exquisitely every part of him , as uttering all these words in a despe passion, shée espyed the paper in his bosome , whereupon groaning is alow that it was some amorous Sonnet , shée suddenly snatched it out of his bosome , and asked if it were any secret : shée was bashfull , and Saladine blusht , which shée perceiving, said : Say then sir , if you ware red , my lufe for yours tis some loue-matter : I le see your Mistris name , her praises , and your passions . And with that shée lookest on it , which was written to this effect .

## Saladines Sonnet,

If it be true that heauens eternall course,  
With restlesse sway , and ceaselesse turning glides :  
If aire inconstant be , and swelling source ,  
Turnes and returnes with many fluent tides :  
If earth in winter , summers pride estrange ,  
And nature seemeth onely faire in change .

If it be true that our immortall spright ,  
Deriu'd from heavenly pure , in wandring still ,  
In nouelty and strangenesse doth delight ,  
And by discouering power discerneth ill .  
And if the body for to worke his best ,  
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest .

Whence comes it that infirme by furious skies ,  
I change both place and soyle , but not my heart ,  
Yet salue not in this change my maladies ?  
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my smart ?  
Alas I see my fauour procures my misse ,  
And change in loue against my nature is .

Alinda having read ouer the Sonnet , beganne thus pleasantly to descant upon it . I see Saladine (quoth shée) that as the sonne is no manne without his brightness , nor the diamond accounted for precious , unless it be hard ; so men are no men but if they bee in loue :

## Faynes golden Eggeke.

loue: and their honours are measured by their amours, not their labours; counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of faine, than full of vertue. I haue thought,

*Ora si tollas, perire Cupidinis amor.*

*Contemptus sicut & sine lucis facies.*

But I see Ouids axiome is not adiuentiall, for even labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no prunice stome to raze out faine. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends, and Countrie, by Torismond, (sorrowes enough to suppress affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant than fortune: but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladine that now saw opportunity pleasant, thought to strike while the iron was hot, and therefore taking Alinda by the hand, sate downe by her: and Ganimede to give them leauue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the folds, while Saladine fell into this prattle with Alinda,

Faire Mistris, if I be blurt in discouering my affection, and vse little eloquence in leuellung out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtleties: to frame my selfe therefore to your Countrey fashion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautifull Shepheardeesse, that whilast I liued in the Court, I knew not lones cumber, but I held affection as a toy; not as a maladie: using faine as the Hyperborci doe their flowers which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as shee hath suet Honie from the Rose, straight flyeth to the next Marigold. Lwing thus at mine owne lust, I wondred at such as were in loue, and when I read their passions, Iooke them onely for Poems, that flowe from the quicknesse of their wit, not the sorrowes of their heart: But now faire Syrph, since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught mee such a lesson, that I must confess his deity and dignity, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing than faine. For since first I arrived in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellency, I haue borne, so fittered with your beauty and vertue, as (Sweete Alinda) Saladine without further circumstance

## Euphues golden Legacie.

loues Alinda. I coulde paint out my desires with long minnes : but seeing in many woordes lies mistrust, and that would infect me too, let this suffice for countrey wowing, Saladine loues Alinda, and none but Alinda. Although these woordes were most heauenly harmonie in the eates of the Shepheardeesse, yet to himme cap at the first courting, and to discouer loue holosnaue doe be gred loue, these madis thus reply.

Oh Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more slythe than to swallow the booke because it hath a painted batte : as men are wise, so women are wary, specially if they haue that loue, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not knowe, Saladiue that mens tonges are like Mercuries pipe, that can enchant Argus with an honored eyes; and their woordes are as prejudicall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monstres? If such Syrens sing, what poore women had neare stop our eares, least in hearing, we prone to swoln harby, as to beleeme them and so perish in trauelling much, and suspeyning little, Saladine *P'salterium sapit hic* that hath borne once payfor ned, and afterwards feates not to bowse of ever' portion, is worthy to suffer double penaunce. Give mee leauen then to mistrust, though I doe not condemne. Saladiue is now in loue with Alinda, be a gentleman of great parentage, shew a Shepheardeesse of meane parentage: bee honorable, and shew poore: can loue consist of contraries? Will the Gallocon pearce with the kistrell, the lion harboz with the woolfe, with Venus ioyne robes and rags together? or can there bee a sympathy betweene a king and a begger?

When Saladiue, how can I belieue thee, that loue shold unite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betwixne our degrees? But suppose thou misell of Alindas beautie, men in their familie resemble the *Vill aspe*, which scornes that flower from whiche she hath fetcht her ware: playng like the inhabitannts of the *Land Tschilia*, who when they haue gathered the sweet spicess, use the *Triss* for felowell: so men, hauring glutted themselves with the faire of womens faces, hold them for necessary evills: and wearied with that whiche they seemed so much to loue, cast away faire sie, as children doe their rattles: and loathinge that whiche so dearely before they liked, especially such as faire loue in a minute, and haue their eyes astrayne like *Jet*, apt to entangle any obie, are as resdie to let it slip againe. Saladine bearing hows Alinda harpt still on

## Euphues goldenlegacie.

one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he baske off her  
charpe iugement thus.

I grant Alinda (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in prouing  
some rype, and some rotten; but particular instances infer no gene-  
ral conclusions: & therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall  
not prejudice my fauors. I will not use sophistry to confirme my  
iuste, for that is subtilitie: nor long discourses lest my words might be  
thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the ho-  
nor of a Gentleman I loue Alinda: and woe Alinda! not to recep the  
bl osomes, & reject the tree, but to consummate my fauifull desires,  
in the honorable end of mariage.

At this word mariage, Alinda stood in a maze what to answe, &  
fearing if shē were too coy, to drine him away with her disfauor,  
if shē was too courteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a  
dilemma thus what to doe, at last this shē said: Salladine, euer since  
I saw thee, I fauored thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because  
I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking  
thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine hono<sup>r</sup> holdes fame still in suspence  
but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualifed  
as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for  
this time to givē thee an answe, assure thy selfe thus, I will either  
matrie with Saladine, or still live a virgin, & with this they straine  
one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had  
his mistris long enough at chyft, said: what, a match o<sup>r</sup> no? A  
match (said Alinda) or else it were an ill market. I am glad (said  
Ganimede) I should Rosader were here to make up the messe, well  
remembered (said Saladine) I forgot, I left my brother Rosader alone  
therefore, least beeing solitarie, hee shoule increase his sorroves: I  
will haue mee to him. May it please you then to command me my  
service to him, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Onely at this  
time commend me unto him (quoth Alinda) and tell him though we  
cannot pleasure him, wee pray for him. And forges not (quoth Gan-  
imedē) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalind, sheds  
as many teares from her heart, as hee drops blood from his wounds,  
for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts  
with disquiet, till his welfare procures her content; say shes (good  
Saladine) and so farewel. Ha<sup>t</sup> having his mariage, made a certeine  
gouide to them both, especially to Alinda; and so playing longe

# Euphues golden Legacie.

to depart, went to his brother. 15 God 100  
But Alinda perplexed, and yet joyfull, pafft away the day ples-

santly, still praizing the perfecion of Saladin, not ceasing to thank off  
her new home, till evening come on, then they following their sheepes,  
went home to bed. 16 There we leue them, and returne to Phoebe.  
Phoebe fired with the bencouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers  
house, gaued with restlesse passions, as now she beganne to know  
herselfe, there was no flower so fresh, but might be parched with the  
sunne; no tree so strong, but might be shake with a stroake, losethere  
was no thought so chaste, but time armed with loue, could make  
amorous: for shre that held Diana for the Goddess, for her devoted-  
on, was now faine to lie to the altar of Venus, all suppliant now  
with prayers, as she was from a pale bushy visiane. As she layg-  
in her bed, shre called to minde the seuerall beauties of young Gan-  
mede, first his locks: which being amber hued, paileth the ioyeath:  
Phoebus puts on, to make his front gloriouse: his browe Juvie, 17  
was like the seae where loue and maiestie sits in thond, to unchaine  
Fancy: his eyes as bright as the boyming of the heauen, darting  
forth strookes with vidence, and smites with fauour, lightning shyn-  
y looks as woulde inflame desire, were the inapt incircle of the frozen  
Zone in his cheeke the vermillion tincture of the rose florid Europa  
on naturall Alabaster, the bludg of the mophe & Lunas glasse: These  
were so lively portrayed, that the Trojan that did out him to In-  
piter, was not halfe so beauteous, his face was ful of plasance, and the  
rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellency, as Phoebe  
was fettered in the sweetnesse of his feature. 18 The Idea of these per-  
fections tumbling in her minde, made the poore shpialdelle so  
perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines,  
and yet a disquiet mixt with a content, thereright whiche ope than  
to loue in this amorous angish, alowing is little worth in such ex-  
streames, and therefore was shre forced to pine under maladie, with-  
out any salve for her sorowes: renewale of the burse not, and hating  
in such matters to make done her secretary: and for conceit of his selfe  
it doubled her griefe: for as shee supposed, givenes to the greatest  
flame, and the current stopt, to the more violent firezome, so loue  
smothered burnings the heart with deeper passiones. 19 20

Perplexed thus with sume to agonies, her sorowes began to fail,  
and the disquiet of her minde begaine to wearke a wretched infirmitie

## Lupus's golden Legacie.

her body, that to be short, Phebe fell extreme sick, and so sick, as there was (almost) left no recoverie of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phebe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by remedie, to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vain: so al- though her body was feeble through long fasting, yet shee, *magis agrotam: animo quam corpore*, which her friends perceived, and for- rowed at, but saue it they could not.

The newnes of her sicknesse was banished aboad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man, came to visit Phebe: where sitting by her bed side, hee beganne his exordium with many teares and sighs, that shee perceiving the extremitie of his sorowes, beganne now as a Louer to pittie them, though Ganimede helpe her foynd redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempering with secrete plaints, but shee answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, and coniecturing how shee might reveale her lones. To suffer them in boordes shee found her selfe too bashfull: to discoufe by any friend, shee would not trust any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: wherupon for her last refuge, shee re- solved to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for shee would see if shee could steale a nap. Hee was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, shee tooke pen and paper, and wroote a letter to this effect:

Phebe to Ganimede, wished that she wanted her selfe, to haue  
of almes.

**F**aire Phebe (therefore is Phebe unforunate), because thou art faire) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to re- stitue lone, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous, propnient to affection, aduited to the one by nature, or aone to the liberties, hath so snared the freedome of Phebe, as shee ress' at thy mercy, either to bee made the most fortunate of all maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Meafuse not Ganimede my loues by my malice, nor my desires by my degrees; but thinke my thought as full

# Euphues golden Legacie.

full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then, as thou knowest  
thy selfe most beautifull suppose me most constant. If thou feare  
me hard hearted, because I hated Montano, thinke I was so stolt to it  
by Fate. If thou sayst I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loued  
thee at the first looke, thinke I was driven to it by Destinie, whose  
influence, as it is mighty, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes  
were any thing but infortunate loue, I would strive with Fortune:  
but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire  
with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ga-  
nimede, loue enters at the eye, it harboura in the heart, and wil ne-  
ther be driven out with physick, nor reason: pitie me, as one whose  
maladie hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no  
rease but through thy grace: and thinko I am a virgin who is desper-  
ately wronged when I am stolt to loue, and conjecture Loue to be  
strong, that is more forcible than Nature. Thus distressed, unless  
by thee eased, I expect either to loue fortunatly by the fauour, or  
die miserably by thy deniall. Abusing in hope, Farewell.

She that must be thine:

or morally, Phoebe.

To this Letter shee annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My Boat doth passe the freights,

Of Seas incens'd with fire,

Fild with forgetfulnesse,

Amidst the winters night:

A blind and carelesse boy,

(Brought vp by fond desire)

Doth guide me in the sea,

Of sorrow and despight,

For every oare he sets,

A ranke of foolish thoughts,

And cuts (in stead of wave)

A hope without distresse,

The winds of my deepe sighs,

(That thunder still for nought)

Hauie split my sailes with fearc-

with care and heauiness.

# Euphues golden Legacie.

A mighty stormes of teares.  
A blacke and hidous cloude,  
A thousand fierce disdaines,  
Doe slacke the halcyards oft,  
Till ignorance doe pull,  
And errour haile the shrouds,  
No starre for safety shines,  
No Phebe from aloft.  
Time hath subdued Art, and Joy is slau to Woe,  
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what shall I perish so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore shee called Montanus, and entreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poor Montanus sat day at a little hole, and did perceue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutiful to his Missis in all her service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdome, & so (taking the letter) went the next morne very early to the plaines where Alinda fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomegranate tree, sorrowing for the hard soules of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deluered Ganimede the Letters, whitch (he said) came from Phebe. At this the wanton blusht, and being abash't to thinke what mesmes should come from an unknowne shepheardeesse: but taking the Letters, vriupt the seales, and read ouer the discou're of Phcbes fancies. When she had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Alinda, to whom she shew'd the writings, who having perused them, conceited them very pleasantly, and smil'd to see how loue had yoked her, who before would not stope to the lure. Alinda whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying: I knew Phebe shal want there were in thee to performe her will, and how busst thy kind is to be kinde to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured: but leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this swain.

At this word Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell mee Shepheard by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighs that grow from thy Missis famous, art thou in loue with Phebe? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, where Phebe

## Euphues golden Legacie.

so far in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat , and their Ma-  
ster more quiet : for through the sorowes of my discontent, growes  
the leanesse of my shæpe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede , are  
thy passions so extreme, or thy fancy so resolute, that no reason will  
blemish the pride of thy affection , and race out that which thou stri-  
uest for without hope ? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, whilst  
Montanus forget himselfe : for those characters true loue hath stamp-  
ped, neither the enuie of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Mon-  
tanus, quoth Ganimede , enter with a deepe insight into the dispaine  
of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies : for  
(poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming a-  
gainst the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against  
winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and  
she flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobb-  
by, but her disdainre reacheth higher than thou canst make wings, I  
tel thee Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves  
of Syria against the moone, & rouest at such a mark with thy thoughts,  
as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pit-  
flesse, and thy maladie remediles. For prooife, Montanus, read these  
Letters wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such  
sorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed a soure of confused passions  
in his heart : at every line his colour changed , and euery sentence  
was ended with a period of sighs.

At last , noting Phœbes extreme desire towards Ganimede, and  
her disdainre towards him , giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shep-  
heard stood as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Gani-  
mede perceiuing , waked him out of his dreame, thus : now Monte-  
nus dost thou see, thou dowest great service, and obtainest but little  
reward : but in lieu of thy loyaltie, shee makes thee as Bellophon,  
carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion  
wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for  
thee. What Montanus there are many as faire as Phœbe, but most of  
all more curteous than Phœbe. I tel thee shepheard, fauour is loues  
fewell : then since thou canst not get that , let the flame vanish into  
smoake, and rather sorrow for a while , then repent thee for ever. I  
tel thee Ganimede , quoth Montanus , as they whiche are stung with  
the Scorpion, cannot be reuenered but by the Scorpion, nor bee that

## Euphues golden Legacie.

was wonnide with Achillis lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was easid with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion: Circes had charnies, for all chances but for affection: and Mercurie subtil reasons to refel all grieses but loue. Perswasions are bootes: reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Thus quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a dispairing louer, that liuest with ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee? Shall I disdaine Phœbe as shē disdaunes thē? Oh ( quoth Montanus ) that were to renue my griefe, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of death, Alas Ganimede though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being loue sick, shē is proued heart sick, and all for the beautie of Ganimede. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and shē is snared in the beauty of thy excellency. Then sith she loues thē so deere, dislike not her deadly. If thou paramou to such a paragon, she hath beauty to please thine eye, & flocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt winne by her: for shē is beautiful, vertuous, and wealthy, thē deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phœbe, answēred him thus. Why Montanus doest thou further this motion: seeing if Ganimede marry Phœbe thy market is cleane marred,

Ah mistris (quoth hee) so hath loue taught mee to honour Phœbe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather than shē should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feede mine eye on her fauour. If she marry, though it be my Martyrdom: yet if she be pleased, Ile brok it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounct with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena, and Ganimede to see the resolutions of his loues, for that they pittied  
his

## Euphues golden Legacie.

his passions, and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subtily, get Montanus Phebes fauour. Straight ( as womens heads are full of wiles ) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phebe to fancy the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he prosecute his policie thus. Montanus, quoth hee, seeing phebe is so forlorne, lest I might bee counted unkinde, in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phebe, and there heare her selfe in word vitter, that she hath discouert with her pen, and then, as loue wils me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towards the house of phebe. When they drew me to the cottage Montanus can before, and went in and told Phebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word ( Ganimede ) sounding in the eares of Phebe, drove her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuived, and hee wanre colour began to ware red: and witht hat came Ganimede in, who saluted Phebe with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrowes: sittynge him downe by her bed side he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiesly held her. Phebe looking as louely on Venus in her night geere, tainting her face with a ruddy blush or Clitia did when shee bewraide her loues to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hand, said thus: Faire Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, of fansie the sharpest extreme, my immodeſtie were the more, and thy vertues the leſſe: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tonges full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there he peruertereth all, and wreathes the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my ſelfe, faire Ganimede, for ſuch a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to finde eafe for the flame, I was forced to paſſe the bounds of modeſtie, and ſeeke the ſalue at thy hands for my harmes: blame not if I be ouer bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward, it is fansie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make mee thus fond. For, let me ſay in a word what may bee contained in a volume, Phebe loues Ganimede: at this ſhee held downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede roſe, as one that would ſuffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phebe, for I doe pitie thy plaints, nor ſeeke not to

# Euphues golden Legacie.

discouer thy loues in teares : for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for louers, nor sighes no remedy for affection. Therefore frolike Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee , doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieued me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue beene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall : but thou alleagest that thou art forct from him by fate, so I tell thee Phœbe, either some star, or some destinie fits my minde , rather with Adonis, to die in chasse, than bee counted a wanton on Venus knee. Though I pitie thy martyrdome, yet cannot I grant marriage , for though I hold thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered : loue growes not like the herbe Spartanna so his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last, attaines to the top. Festina lento especially in loue, for momentany fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies : If ( Phœbe ) I shold like thee as the Heperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning , and throw them away at night , my folly shold bee great, and thy repentance more. Therefor I will haue time to turne my thoughts , and my loue shall grow vp as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phœbe thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, till time & loue make me resolute. Therefore phœbe, seeke not to supprese affection, and with the loue of Montanus , quench the remembrance of Ganimede : strive thou to hate me, as I seek to like of thee, & euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy mind , for well maist thou haue oure more wealthie, but not more loyall. These words were coztaines to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganimede , but suspence , no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time ? Just haue the Gods ballanced my fortunes , who being cruell to Montanus , found Ganimede as vnkind to my selfe: so inforsing him to perish for loue , I shall die my selfe, with ouermuch loue, I am glad, quoth Ganimede , you looke into your owne fautes, and see where your shwo ioronges you, measuring now the paines of Montanus , by your owne passions. True quoth Phœbe, and so dely-ly I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the Shepheard , that could I cease to loue Ganimede , I would resolute to loue Montanus . What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede,

# Euphues golden Legacie.

Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancy him; conditionally, that if my loues can be suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I grant it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he, and to feed thee with the sweetnes of hope, this resolve on: I will never marry my selfe to woman, but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phœbe a fruitlesse kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, shée rose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus as good cheere as could be found in such a country Cottage, Ganimede in middest of this banquet, rehearsing the promises of either, in Montanus fauor, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganimedeooke his leave of Phœbe, and departed leaning her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembrance his wounds ful her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folde, thinking with her presence to drine away her passions. As shee came on the plaines, shee might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salve to her griefe, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript among the lawnes full of ioy. At last, Coridon who was with them, spied Ganimede: with that the clowne rose, and running to meete him, cried, O sirra, a match, a match, our Mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frokst it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue, saluted them all, & especially Rosader, saying, that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a mariage, which on sunday next must be solemnized, beliuing my brother and Aliena. I see well where loue leades, delay is lothsome, and what small wooing serues where both parties are willing. True, quoth Ganimede, but what a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalinde? Ah god Ganimede, quoth hee, by naming Rosalinde, renew not my sorowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, be of god cheere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeplie experienced in negromancy and magick, what Art can doe, shall bee acted for thine advantage. I will cause to bring in Rosalinde, if either France, or any bordering Nation harbour

# Euphues golden Legacie.

her, and upon that take the fafh of a young hepheard, Alien a smil-  
led to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had iested  
with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page somewhat  
pleasant, began to discourse unto them what had passed betwene  
him & Phebe: which as they laught, so they wondred withall, confes-  
sing that there is none so chaste, but loue will change. Thus they  
past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they  
toke their leaves, and departed. Alien a prouiding for their marriage  
day, such solemne cheere and hamsome robes as fitted their Country  
state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to  
bring Gerismond as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to disco-  
uer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and  
a kertle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that shē seemed some hea-  
uenly Nymph, harboored in Country attire.

Saladine was not behiud in care to set out the nuptials, nor Ro-  
sader vnmindfull to bid guests, inviting Gerismond and his follow-  
ers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but  
the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane time Phebe being  
a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye  
of Ganimede: and Montanus ruled himselfe with the cost of many of  
his flocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to  
giue Phebe answer of her loues: and Montanus either to heare the  
dome of his miserie, or the censure of his happiness: but as this  
gēre was a brewing, Phebe past not a day without visiting her Ga-  
nimede, so was shē wrapt in the beautie of this louely Swaine.  
much prattle they had, and discourt of many passions. Phoebe wist  
for the day ( as shē thought ) of her welfare. Ganimede smiling to  
thinke what unerpected events would fall out at the wedding. In  
these humours passed the weke, that at last Sunday came.

So sooner did Phabus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue  
warning that his masters horses shold bee trapped in his glazious  
Coach, Coridon in his holiday suite, maruellous seemely, in a  
russet jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worlde,  
having a paire of chamblet sleeves, bound at the wreasts with  
four yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter  
buttons, his hose were of grey kersey, with a large slop, garded ouer-  
thwart the pocketholes with thre faire gards, sticht of either side  
with red thred: his stocke was of the owne, sewed close to his breech,

and

## Euphues golden Legacie.

and for to beautify his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new threden points of medley colour: his bonnet græne, wher, on stood a copped brooch with the picture of S. Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shirt band of fine Locheram, whipt ouer with Couentry bledo of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiese-stickler in these actions, & had shrowded all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choice bowers than any Country Cottage.

Thither repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set on the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee, but howsoever she helpt to prank out Alienæ, yet her eye was still on Ganimede who was so neate in a suite of gray, that hee seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his looks, or Paris when hee laid the Swaineto get the beauty of the Nymph Oenone, Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Alienæ: & overlookt that all was in readines against the bridegrome should come. Who attired in a Forresters suite, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Alienæ, and the rest of the country swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shephearde, whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. Ganimede coming in, & seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could shēe abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, hee that was wont to sit in his royall palace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to bee content with a simple cottage, & a troope of reueling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reverently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolicat it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Mazar full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that  
hee

## Euphues golden Legacie.

he began to smile , and tooke it of the old Shepheard very kindly , drinking to Alienā and the rest of her faire maides , among whom Phœbe was the formost . Alienā pledged the King , and dranke to Rosader : so the carowse went round from him to Phœbe , &c. As they were thus drinking , and ready to goe to Church , came in Montanus , apparelled all in tawny , to siguisse that he was forsaken : on his head wore a garland of willow , his bottle hangd by his side , whereon was painted despaire , and on his shewphooke hung two Sonnets , as labels of his loues and fortunes .

Thus attired came Montanus in , with his face as full of griefe , as his heart was of sorowes , shewing in his countenance the mappe of extreamities . The Shephards seeing him , did him all the honor they could , as bearing the flower of all the Swaines in Arden : for a bonier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy , that kept Sheepe in Ida . Hee seeing the King , and gettynge it to be Gerismond , did him all the reuerence his Countrey curtesie could afford , in so much that the king wondring at his attire , demanded what hee was . Montanus ouer-hearing him , made this reply . I am , quoth he , Loues Swaine , as full of inward discontentments as I seeme fraught with outward follies . My eyes like Bees delight in sweet flowers , but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty , they carry home to the hine of my hart , far more gall than honyn , and for one drop of pure dew , a tun full of deadly Aconiton : I hunt with the tie to pursue the Eagle , that flying too neare the sun , I perish by the sun , my thoughts are aboue my reach , & my desires more than my fortunes , yet neither greater than my loue . But daring with Phaeton , I fall with Icarus , and seeking to passe the mean , I die for being so meane , my night sleepes are walking slumbers , as ful of sorrowes as they be from rest , and my daies labors are fruitles amors , staring at a star , & stumbling at a straw , leauing reason to follow after repentance : yet every passion is a pleasure , though it pinch , because loue hides his wormes seed in figges , his poysons in sweet potions , and shadowes preuidice with the maske of pleasure . The wisest counsellors are my deepe discontents , & I hate that which shoulde salue my harme , like the patient , which stung with the Tarantula , loathes musick , and yet is the disease incurable but by melody . Thus Sir , rest lelle , I hold my selfe remediless , as louing without either reward or regard , & yet louing , because there is none worthye to be loued , but the mistris of my thoughts . And that I am

# Euphues golden Legacie.

as full of passions as I haue discouert in my plaints, sir if you please,  
see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These wozds of Montanus, brought the King into a great won-  
der, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he  
tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

*Montanus first Sonnet.*

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,  
Wheras no day bright shire doth finde accessse?  
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,  
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,  
Disarm'd of reason, spoyl'd of natures goods,  
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse,  
I walke, whilest thought (too cruell to my haines,  
With endlesse griefe thy heedlesse judgement charmes,) shal ent my  
My silent tongue affaid by secret teare,  
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,  
My fatall peace devoured in fained cheere, and other occasion I astreyneth  
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,  
My reason rob'd of power by yeilding care, my yonge spryng ent'ring  
My fond opinion slau to every toy.

Oh leue, the guide in my vncertaine way,  
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

*Et floria pungunt.*

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the  
device of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a  
shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefeſt discon-  
tent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the ſmalleſt  
haires their shadowes, ſo the meaneſt Swaines had their ſanſie, and  
in their kind were as chary of loue as a King. Wel hetted on with  
this device, he tooke the ſecond and read it, the effects were theſe.

When the dogge,  
Full of rage,

With his irefull eye,  
Frownes amidſt the ſkye:  
The ſhepheard to affwage,  
The furie of the heare,  
Himſelfe doth ſafely ſeate,

By a fount,      |  
Full offaire,      |  
Where a gentle breath,      |  
Mounting from beneath,      |  
Tempereth the aire,      |  
There his flockes,      |  
Drinke their fill,      |  
And

## Euphius golden Legacie.

And with easc repose,  
Whilst sweet sleepe doth close  
Eyes from toyling ill,  
But I burne,  
Without rest,  
No defensiu power,  
Shields from Phebes lower:  
Sorrow is my best,  
Gentle loue  
Lowre no more.

If thou wilt inuade,  
In the secret shade,  
Labour not so sore,  
Imy selfe,  
And my flocks,  
They their loue to please,  
I my selfe to easc,  
Both leue the shady oakes,  
Content to burne in fire,  
Sith loue doth so desire.

*Et florida pungunt.*

Gerismond seeing the pittheie veine of those Honors, began to make further enquiry what he was: wherupon Rosader discouerst unto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loyaltie, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curios & imphamorous of young Ganimede. Upon this discourse the King was desirous to see Phoebe, who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shaddowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the kings eyes beganne to dasle at the beauty of her excellencie. After Gerismond had set his lookes a while upon her faire, hee questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus lone with so little regard, seeing his secrets were many, and his passions extreame. Phoebe to make reply to the Kings demand, answered thus: Loue ( sir ) is charitie in his law, and whatsoever he sets downe for iustise, bee it never so briuyt, the sentence cannot be reverst: womens fancies leud fauours not ever by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires: for fancies is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible domme. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charmes of a pleasant tongue, as Vlisses the melodie of the Syrens: Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellencie of the obiects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Wer to sucke the smooke flower. Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of gune me, persuades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danic was won with a golden shovere. when shee could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter: I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she will proue his hearts gold,

Montanus

## Euphues golden Legacie.

Montanus is young, a great clause in fancies court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing al these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destinies haue set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus, to adde revenge, hath given me wine of the same grape, a lip of the same Saboce, and firing mee with the like passion, hath cross me with as ill a penance: so; I am in loue with a Shephards Swaine, as toy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus; as peremptorie in disvalme, as I was perverse in desire, and that is, quoth she, A licenes page, young Ganimede,

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowinge the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the chrysall of his face with a rubby brightnes. The king noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauour, to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him, why he sighed so soze: Because Rosader, quoth he, the fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so depely, as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quise me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir ( quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And upon condition quoth Gerismond that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a mariage betwixt her and thise. At this Aliena turned her head, and smilid vpon Ganimede and shee could scarce keepe countenance: yet shee salued all with secrecie, and Gerismond to drue away such dumpes, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was hee regarded not Phebes loue, seeing shee was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine : Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phebe, I should greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him in a montent, hee hath laboured for so many moneths, Yet haue I promised to the beautifull Shephardesse, to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her, but with his promise, that if I can with reason supprese Phebes loue towards me, shee shall like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phebe, I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasione of reason: for iustice quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phebe. And in your vitoris quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

## Euphues golden Legacie.

goe a way with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit Iones monarch  
is Phoebe win, they are d in effect most miserable. We will see this  
confroyer his quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church therfore. Ga-  
nime de lef vs heare your argument. Day pardon my absence a while  
quoth she, & you shall see oye in store. In went Ganimedea & drede her  
selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of  
rich sendall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana, triumphing in the  
forest, upon her head shew more a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such  
a grace, that she looked like Flora pearelt in the pride of all her flow-  
ers, thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented her selfe at her fa-  
thers fete, with her eyes full of teares, as cravuing his blessing, & dis-  
coursing unto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Tonil-  
mound, and how euer since she lived in that country disguised. Geris-  
mond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, and fell upon her necke,  
uttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, druyen into such an  
extasie of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if  
Rosader was both amazd and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudge-  
ment of such as haue expperience in loue, & seeing his Rosalynd before  
his face, whom so long and so darvely he had affected. At last Geris-  
mond recovered his spites, and in most fatherly termes entertayned  
his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what  
had past betwene her and Rosader, So much sir, quoth she, as there  
wants nothing, but your grace to make vp the marriage. Why then  
quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her, shew is thine, and let this day so-  
lemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure  
content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosal, who tur-  
ning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewed sufficient reason to sup-  
presse the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phoebe, & so great a perswasione  
that if it please you madam and Aliena to give vs leave, Montanus  
and I wil make this day the third couple in mariage. She had no so-  
uer spoke this word, but Montanus thraw away his Garland of  
Mallolow, his bottel, where was painted despayre, and cast his Son-  
nets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolike as Paris when he hanse-  
led his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled,  
and concluded, that Montanus and Phoebe shold keepe their wedding  
with the two brethren, Aliena seeing Saladin stand in a dumpe  
to make him from his dieame, beganne thus; Why haue now my  
Saladin, all awoxt, what man, melancholy at the day of mariage?  
perchance

## Euphues golden Legacie.

perchance thou art sorrowfull to think on thy br others high fortunes: and thine own base desires, to chuse so meane a shephearde. Chære vp thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemie Gerismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his armes and said: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to liue with thee exiles in the countrey? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrester, be forlike, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires exellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfeccyon, as exceeding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble seruant, and full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these comicall events, Coridon came skipping in, and told them the priest was at church, and tarried their coming. Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the countrey swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. Aswone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, the tables were spred, and the bride sat down by Gerismond: Rosader, Saladine, and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely chære they had, such as the countrey could afford, but to mend this fare they had mickle good cheare, and many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung with this pleasant song.

### Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country lassie,

heigh ho, bonny lassie,

Sate fighing on the tender grasse,

And weeping said, with one come wo me.

A smicker boy a lither swayne,

heigh ho, a smicker swayne,

That in his loue was wanton faine,

With smiling looks strait came ynto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,

heigh ho, when she espide:

## Euphues golden Legacie.

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,  
She simpered smooth like bonny bell,  
The swaine that saw her squint-eide kind,  
Heigh ho squint-eide kinde,  
His armes about her body twind,  
And faire lasse, how faire ye ? well.

The countrey Kit said well, forsooth,  
Heigh ho, well forsooth,  
But that I haue a longing tooth,  
A longing tooth that makes me crie:  
Alas said he what garres thy grieve?  
Heigh ho, what garres thy grieve?  
A wound quoth she without relief,  
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard said,  
Heigh ho, the shepheard said,  
We make thee wiue it gentle maid,  
And so recure thy maladic:  
Hereon they kist with many an oath,  
Heigh ho, with many an oath,  
And for god Pan did plight their troth;  
And to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretty peate,  
Heigh ho, the pretty peate,  
That feares to die of this conceite,  
So kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon having thus made them merry, as they were in the middest of their iolitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer-hearing this newes, demanded who it was. It is quoth Rosader, my middle brother, that lynes a scholler in Paris, but what hath driven him to leake vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom hee welcomed with all curtesie: and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly enterainment; brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor: where

## Euphues golden Legacie.

They all sat at dinner. Fernandine as one that kne was many man-  
ners, as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp,  
as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond  
kneeling on his knee, did him what reverence belonged to his estate:  
and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although ( mighty  
Prince ) this day of my brothers marriage bee a day of mirth, yet  
time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty cates rise to  
sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux,  
leauue off your armours, and fall into armes, change your lounes into  
lances, and now this day shew your selues biant, as hitherto you  
haue beeene passionate. For know Gerismond that haue by, at the  
edge of this Forrest, the twelue Peeres of France are vp in armes,  
to recouer thy right: and Torismond troupt with a crew of despe-  
rate runnagates is ready to bid them battell. The armes are rea-  
die to wyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy  
Subjects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, and shew  
your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue beeene hearty loners, so  
shall you for the benefit of your Country, discouer the Idea of your  
fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and proue children  
worthy of so honourable a parent.

At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladine  
and Rosader betwix themselues to their weapons. Say quoth Ge-  
rismond, goe with mee, I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then  
being well mounted, lett vs shew that we carrie revenge and honor  
at our fachions points. Thus they leau the Bordes full of sorrow,  
especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father,  
hee not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him  
home to his lodge, where he delivred Saladine and Rosader horse  
and armour, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing  
ridden two leagues before they discouered, where in a valley both  
the battels were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the swyng wherein the  
Peeres fought, thrust in there and cried, Saint Denis, laying such  
laude upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate  
of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceived that their lawfull King  
was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so  
behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide  
the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conque-  
riors, Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battell.

The

## Euphues golden Legacie.

The Paeres then gathered themselves together, and saluted the King, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received royally of all the citizens. In meit aijul, called Henr the Assone as all was quiet, and he had received againe the citoyne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the Court. Alinda beeing very passionate for the death of her Father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that shee was contented with the welfare of her Salidine. Well, assone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for all the Paeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirty dayes, in such time summoning a Parliament by the consent of the Nobles, hee created Rosader Heire apparant to the kingdome, and restored Saladip to his fathers land, and gave him the Dukedom of Namures, hee made Fernandine principall Secretarie to himselfe: and that fortune might every way seeme frolik, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon Master of Aliudaes dockes.

**H**eere Gentlemen, may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incurre much prejudice, that diuisiōn in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so is a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferior in yeeres, yet may bee superior in honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie be mixt two brothers, more forcible than fortune. If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage mee to bee the more forward: and assoone as I have ouer-looke my labours, expect the Saylers Kalender.

10 U 64

Tho. Lodge.

**FINIS.**

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# THE LIVES OF GLAND:

*Ornage and Adventure.*  
A pretty Discourse of honest  
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mannes of the Ile.

and nothing hurtfull to be  
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of a man of lawesesse  
in the waire.

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